

CANDY

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEEN-AGE GIRL

JUNE
No. 22

52

BIG FULL
WIDTH
PAGES

10c

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS
RECORD, TED? I CAN'T
READ IT! IT'S SPINNING
TOO FAST!



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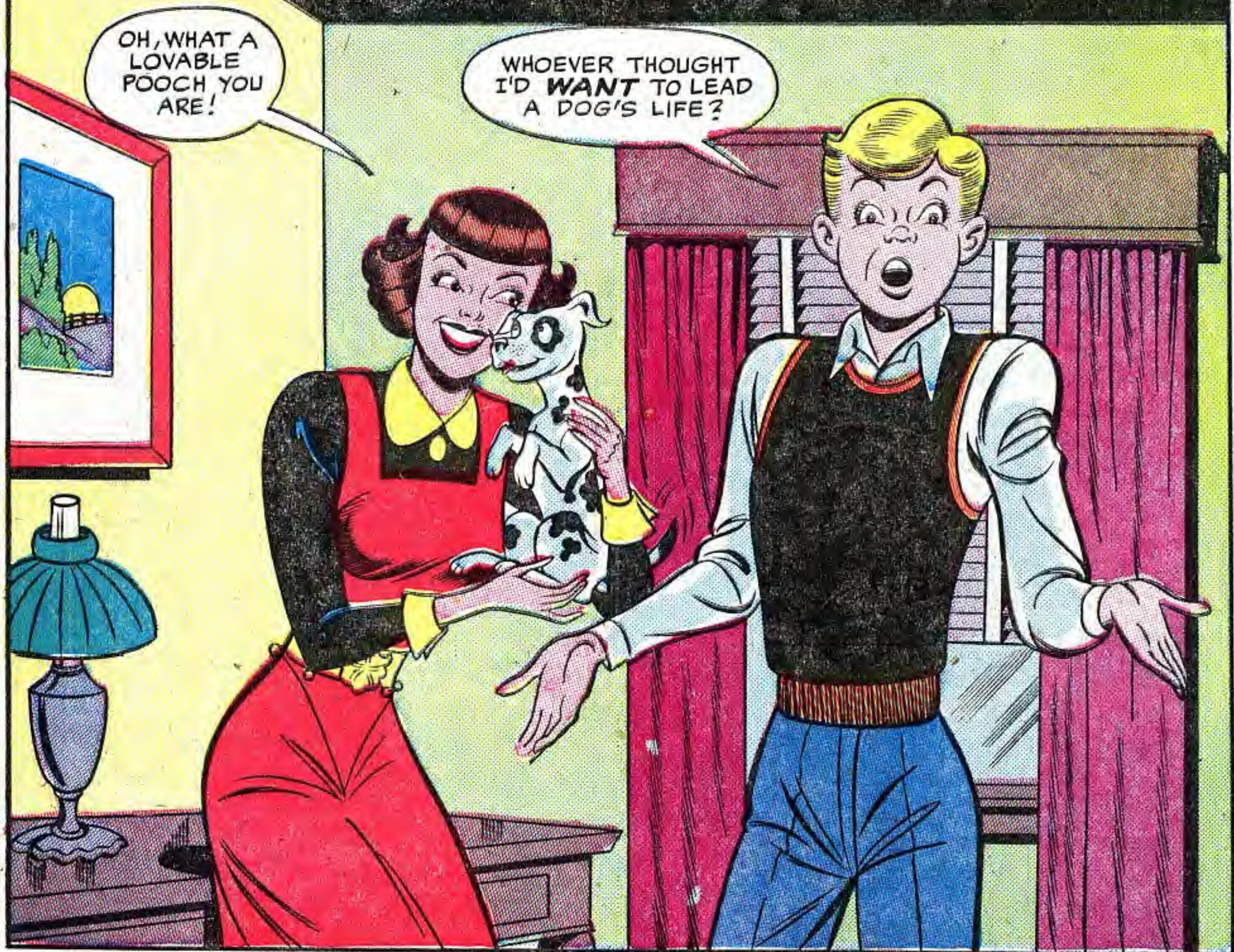
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CANDY







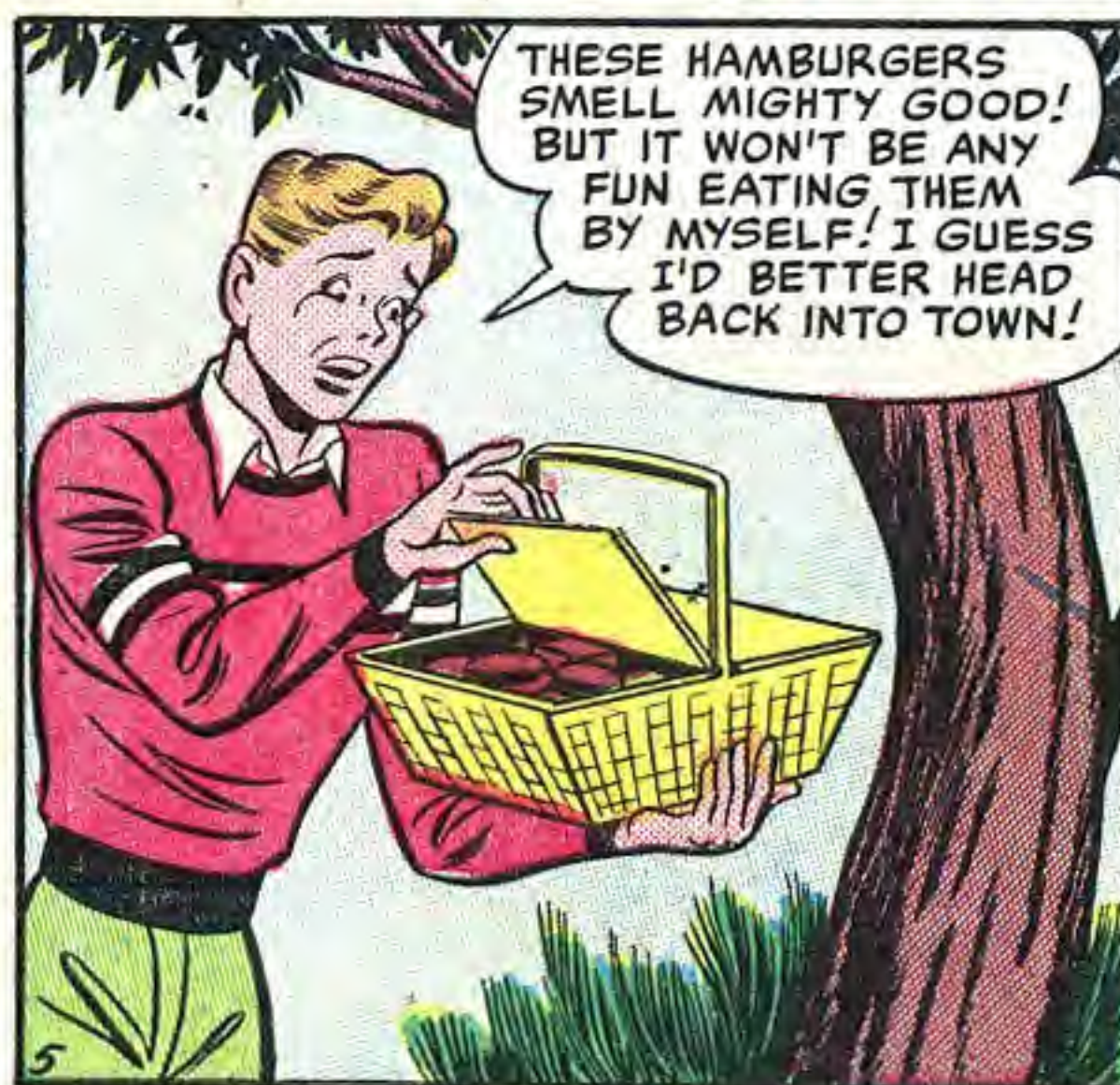
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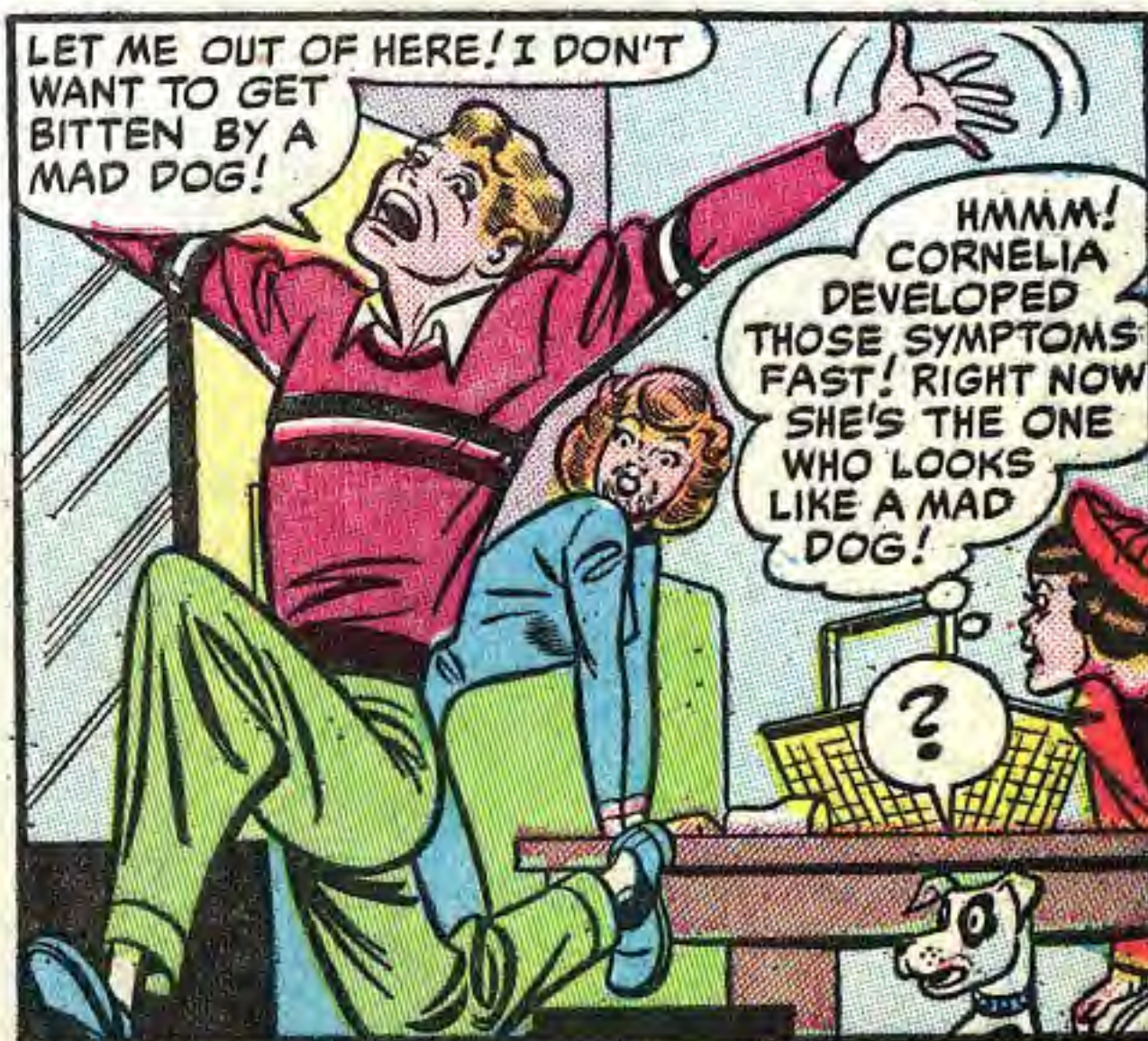




CANDY









SAVE ME!
HELP ME!
GET ME TO
A DOCTOR!

QUIET DOWN SO
I CAN GET A GOOD
LOOK AT YOU!



WERE YOU JUST DRINKING
A VANILLA MALTED?

YES, BUT HOW CAN
YOU STAND THERE
AND ASK STUPID
QUESTIONS WHEN
I'M PRACTICALLY
DYING?



YOU'RE NOT DYING! YOU'VE JUST
GOT A GOOD CASE OF VANILLA
MALTED ALL OVER YOUR SCHOOL
GIRL COMPLEXION!

HUH?



G'BYE NOW, CORNY!
MAYBE YOU OUGHT
TO SWITCH TO
SUNDAES! THEY
NEVER CAUSE
HYDROPHOBIA!



OH, GOLLY! THERE'S TED!
AM I GLAD TO SEE HIM!
C'MON, DOGGIE! LET'S
GIVE HIM A GREAT
BIG WELCOME!

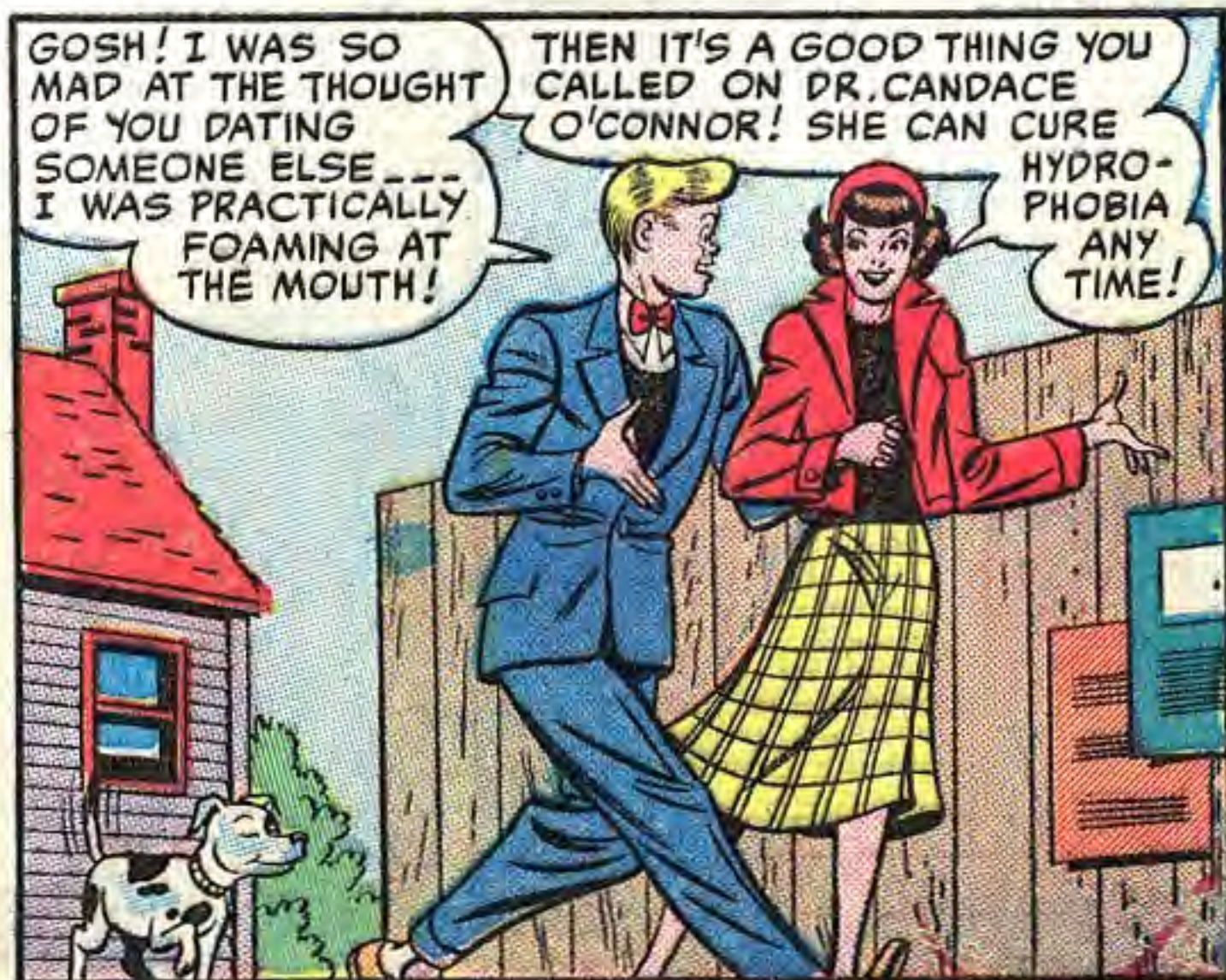
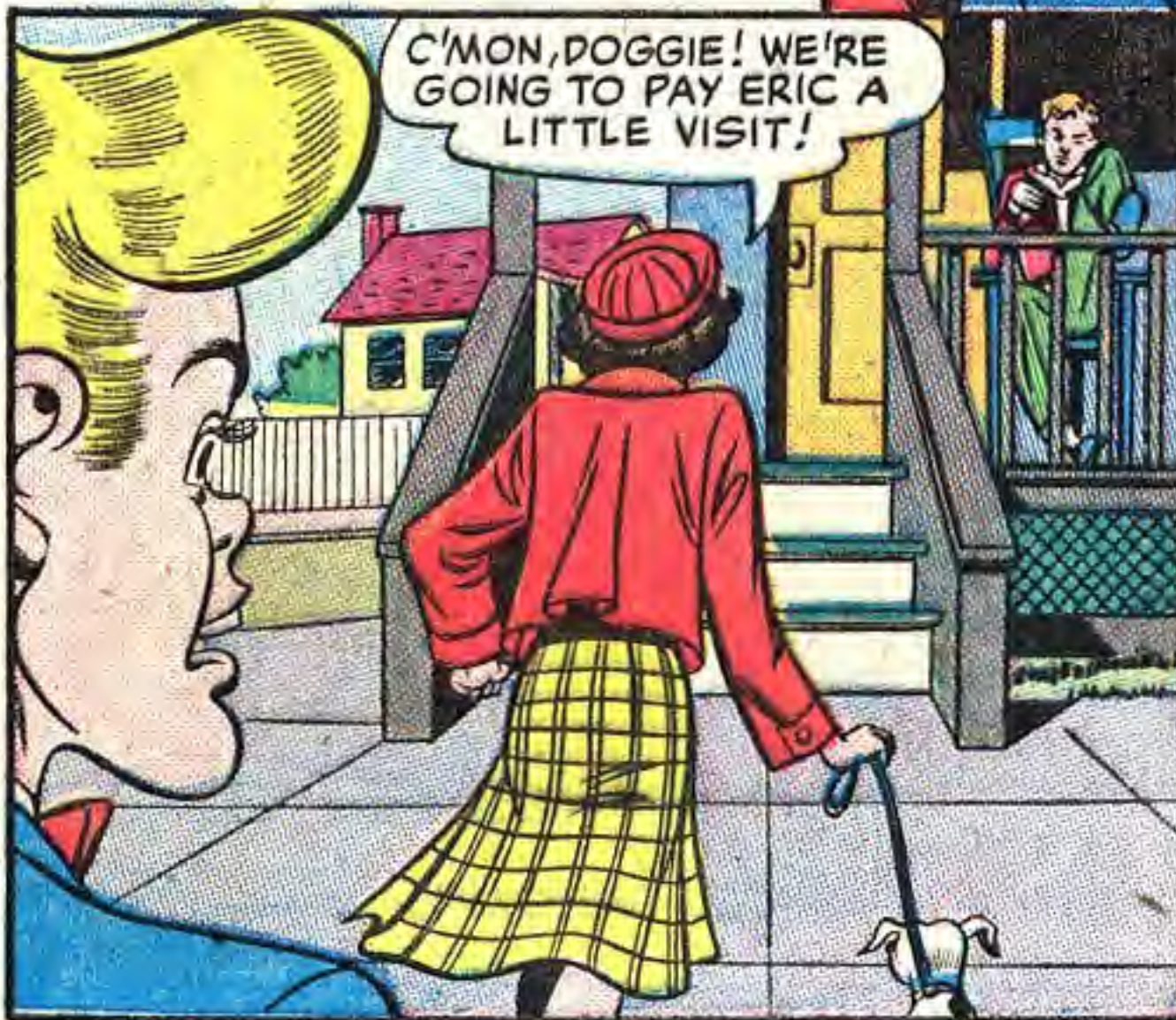
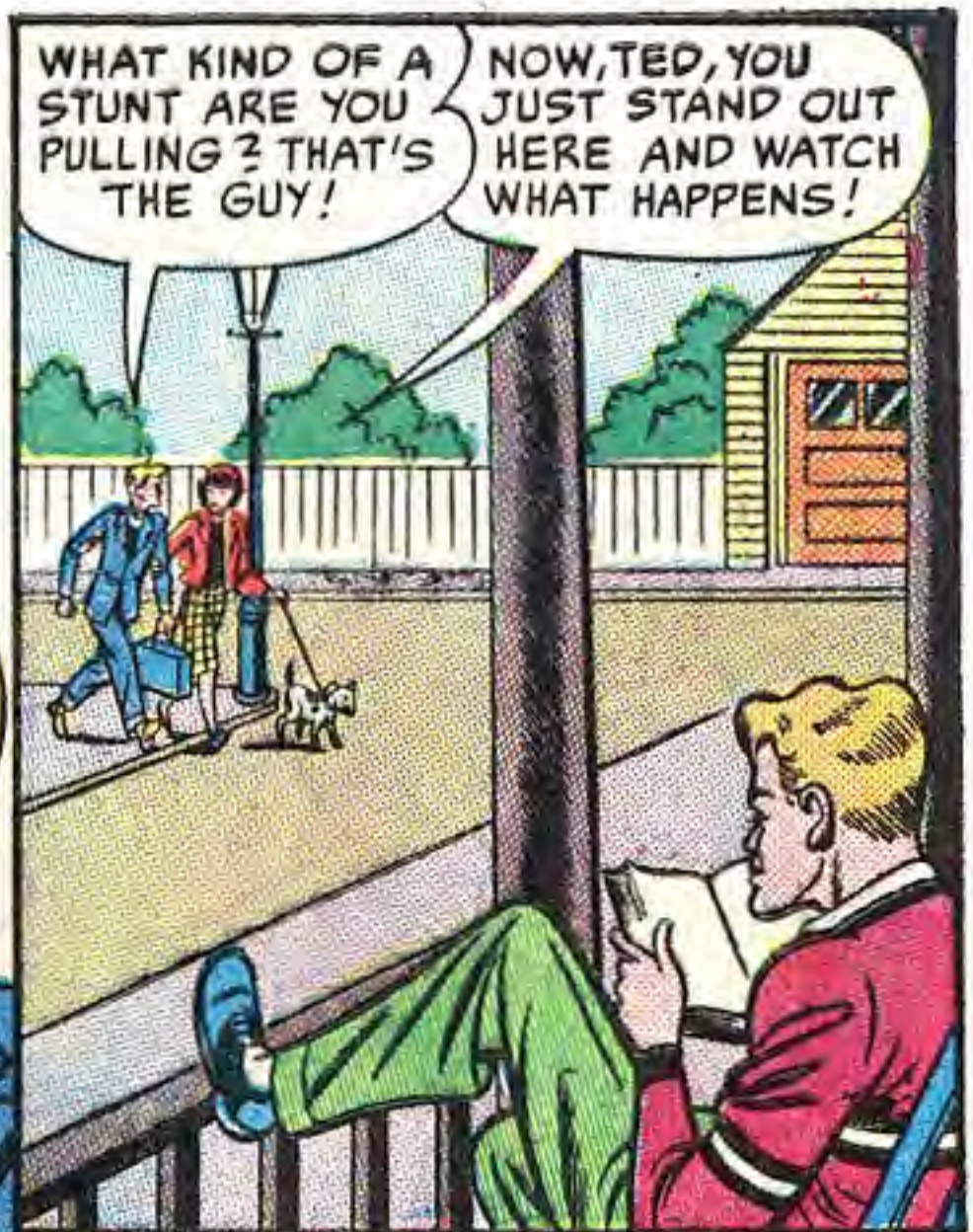


TED, IT'S ME...
CANDY... THE
GIRL YOU LEFT
BEHIND!

GO ON BACK TO YOUR
NEW BOY FRIEND! YOU'RE
TOO FICKLE FOR
ME!



WHAT NEW BOY FRIEND? OH, HE
MUST HAVE SEEN ERIC
PRACTICALLY LAND
IN MY LAP AT THE
RAILROAD STATION!
I'D BETTER
CLEAR UP THIS
MISUNDERSTANDING
QUICK!



Will BRAGG



ISN'T WILL MASTERFUL, THE WAY HE HANDLES THE LION?

IF YOU MEAN **LYIN'**, I AGREE! BRAGG'S A PAST MASTER AT THAT!

WILL BRAGG REALLY DOESN'T MEAN TO BE A LIAR! IT'S JUST THAT HIS GREATEST TALENT LIES IN HIS ABILITY TO IGNORE THE TRUTH!

QZ MRS. MAHOULAHAN'S BOARDING HOUSE---

HI, EFFY! GETTING READY FOR AN OUTING?

YES, FIRE-CHIEF SWENSON! WILL AND I ARE GOING TO WINGATE'S WOODS FOR A PICNIC! TEE, HEE!



I'M CRAZY ABOUT THE COUNTRY IN THE SPRING! AND WILL HAS PROMISED TO EXPLAIN THE FLOWERS AND TREES AND BIRDS TO ME!

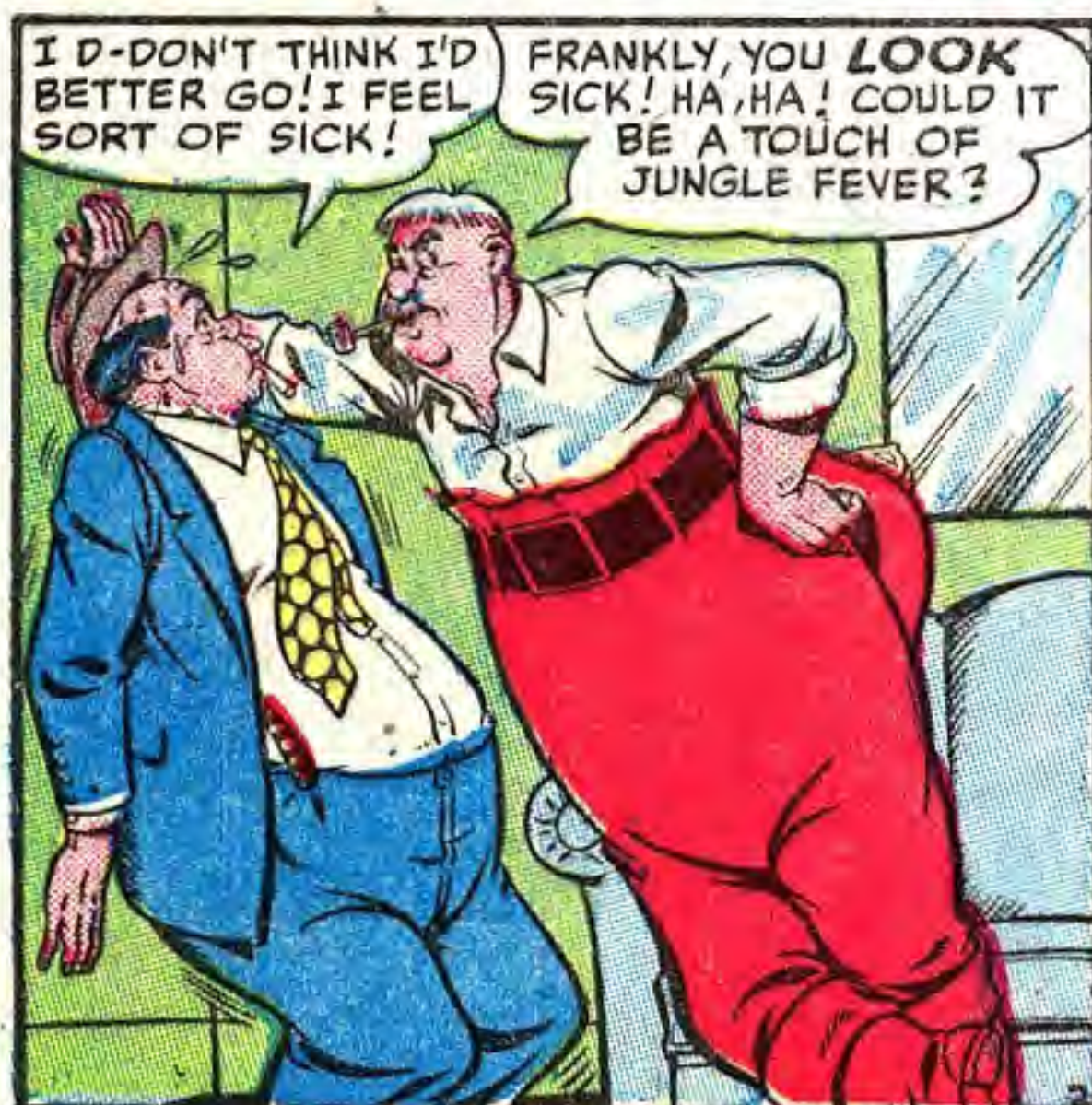
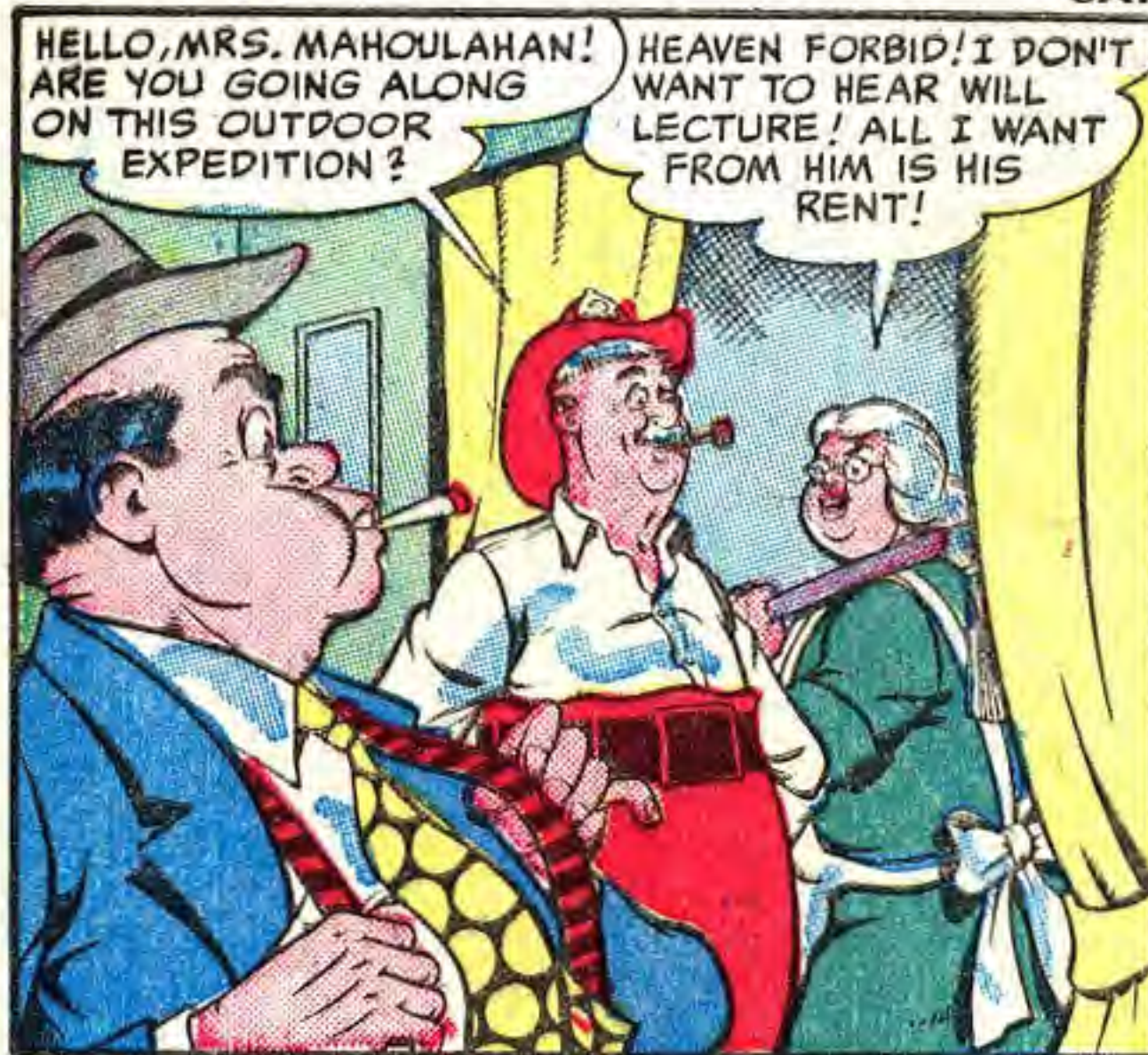
DO TELL! WHEN DID THAT LAZY BUM BECOME A NATURE BOY?



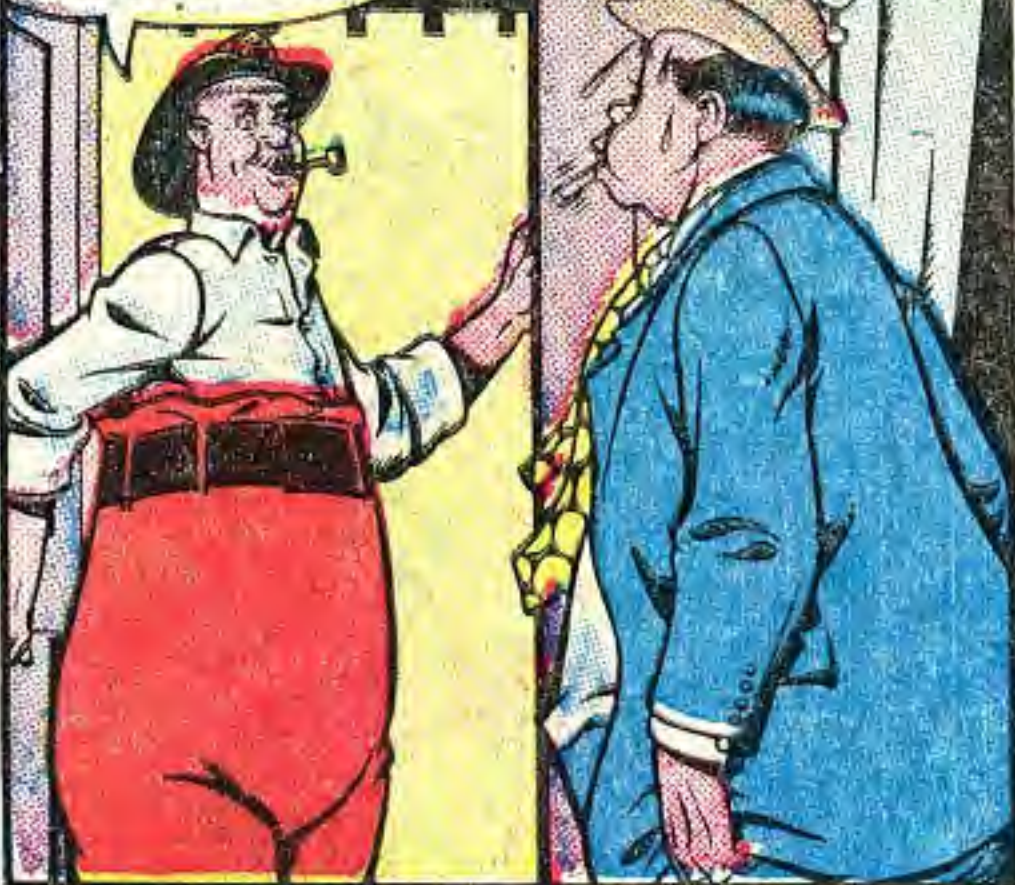
I HEARD THAT, SWENSON! SUPPOSED YOU KNEW I'M A RENOWNED NATURALIST!

HMMPH! BUT YOU COULDN'T TELL A BED OF PRIMROSES FROM A PATCH OF POISON IVY!





THEN PROVE IT, PAL, BY TAKING EFFY ON THIS PICNIC! SHE'LL BE PERFECTLY SAFE WITH **YOU** AROUND! HA!



GOSH! I GOTTA GO OR SWENSON WILL THINK I'M A COWARD!

AND HE'D BE RIGHT! CLOSEST I EVER CAME TO A LION WAS AT THE ZOO... AND THEN I DIDN'T GO NEAR THE CAGE!



BRAGG'S THE BIGGEST BAG-OF-WIND I EVER KNEW! SOMEBODY OUGHTA DEFLATE HIM AND I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO DO IT!

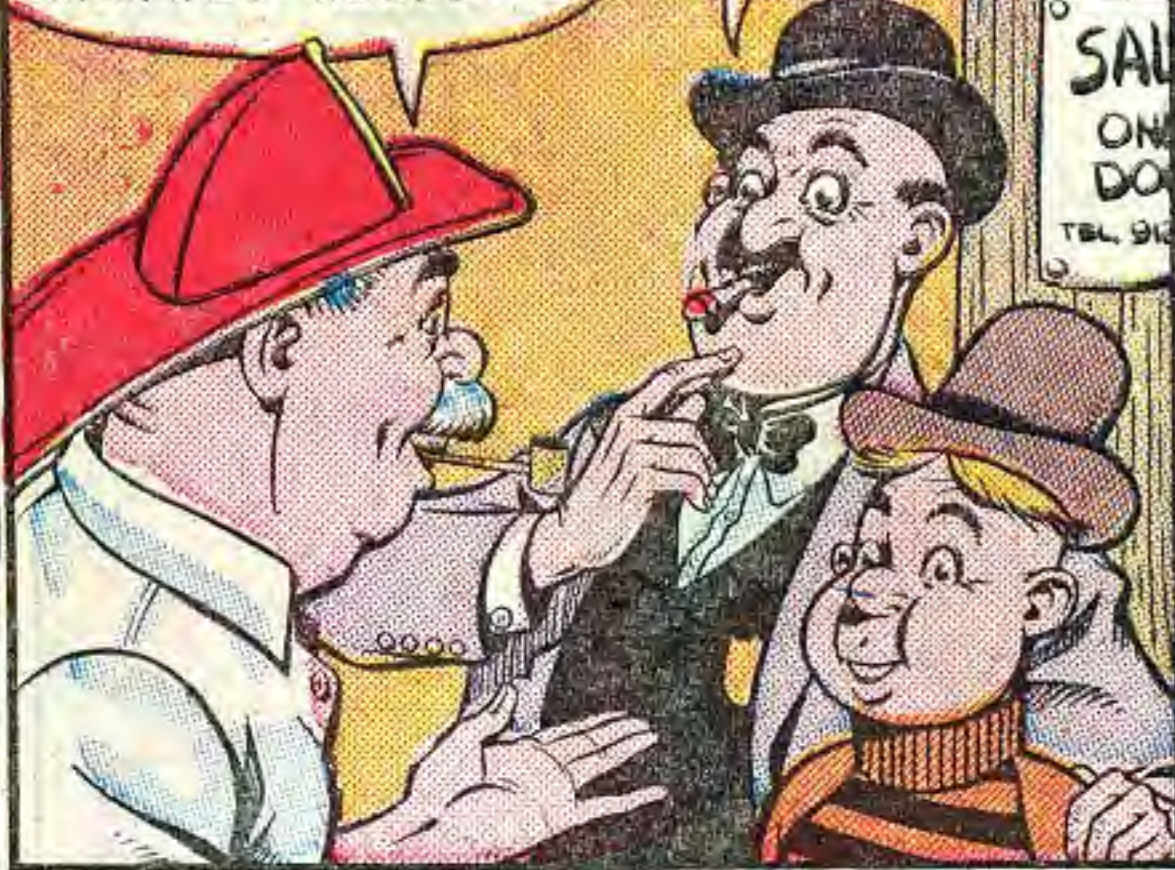


HI, GUYS! WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN? I'VE HIT ON AN IDEA FOR A GAG ON WILL BRAGG!



SURE! ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH ON THAT LOUD-MOUTH! WHAT IS IT?

--- SO THE LION IS PROBABLY NOT WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF HERE! BUT IF I PUT ON A LION SKIN AND WENT TO WINGATE'S WOODS---



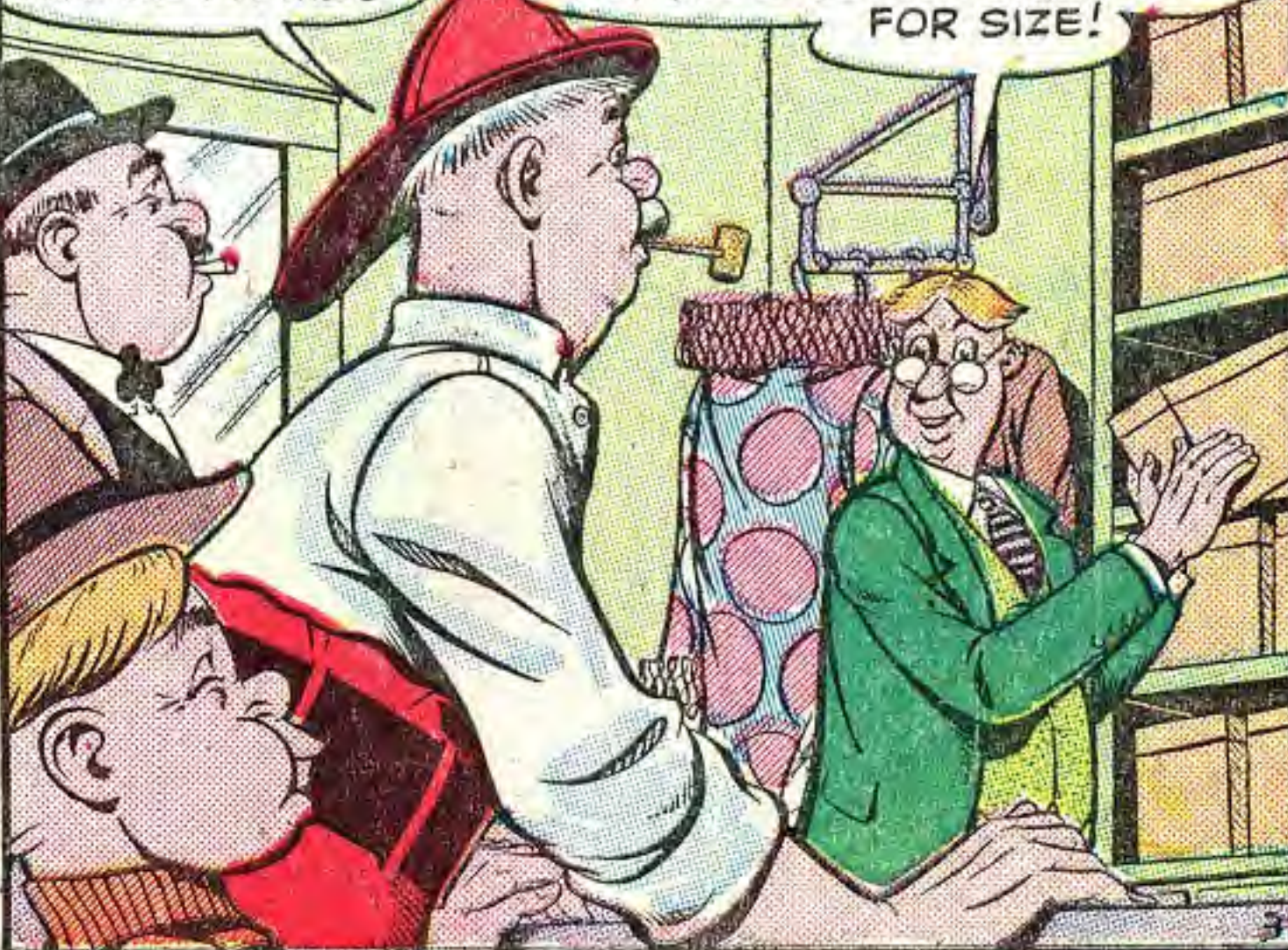
I GETCHA! HAW, HAW, HAW! IT'D SCARE THE OLD GLOATER RIGHT OUT OF HIS WITS! LET'S DO IT!

FIRST WE'LL GET THE LION OUTFIT!

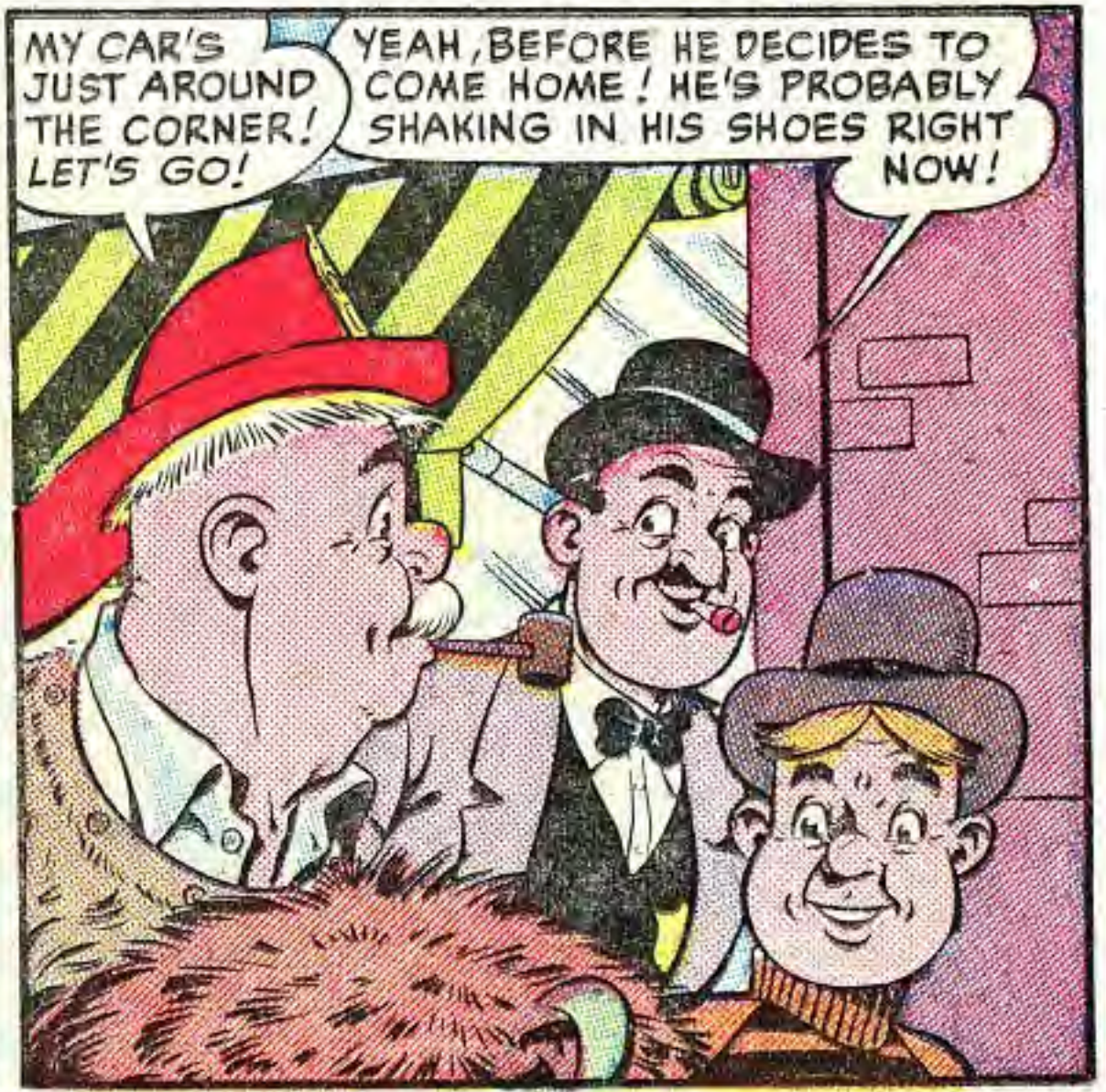


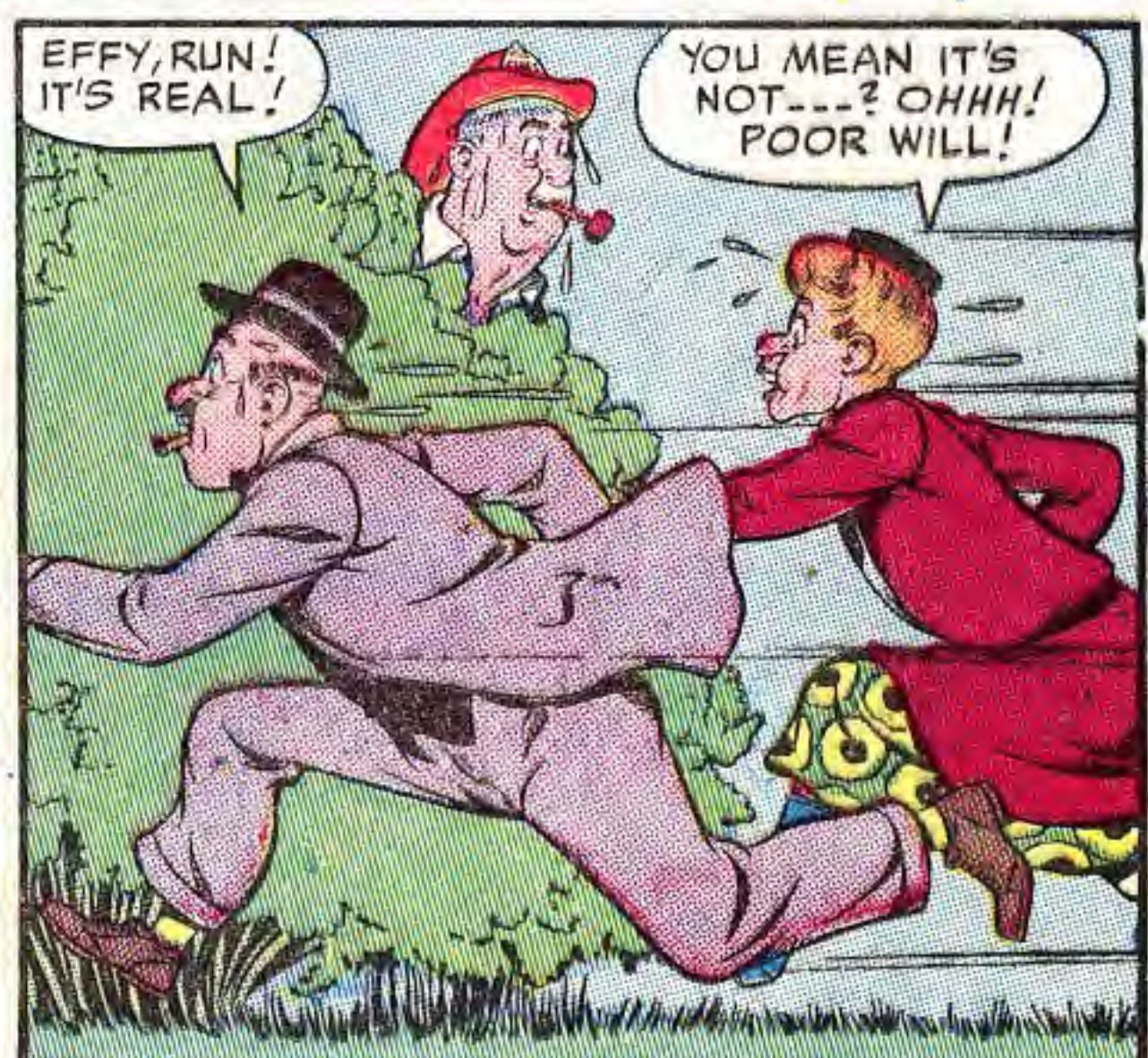
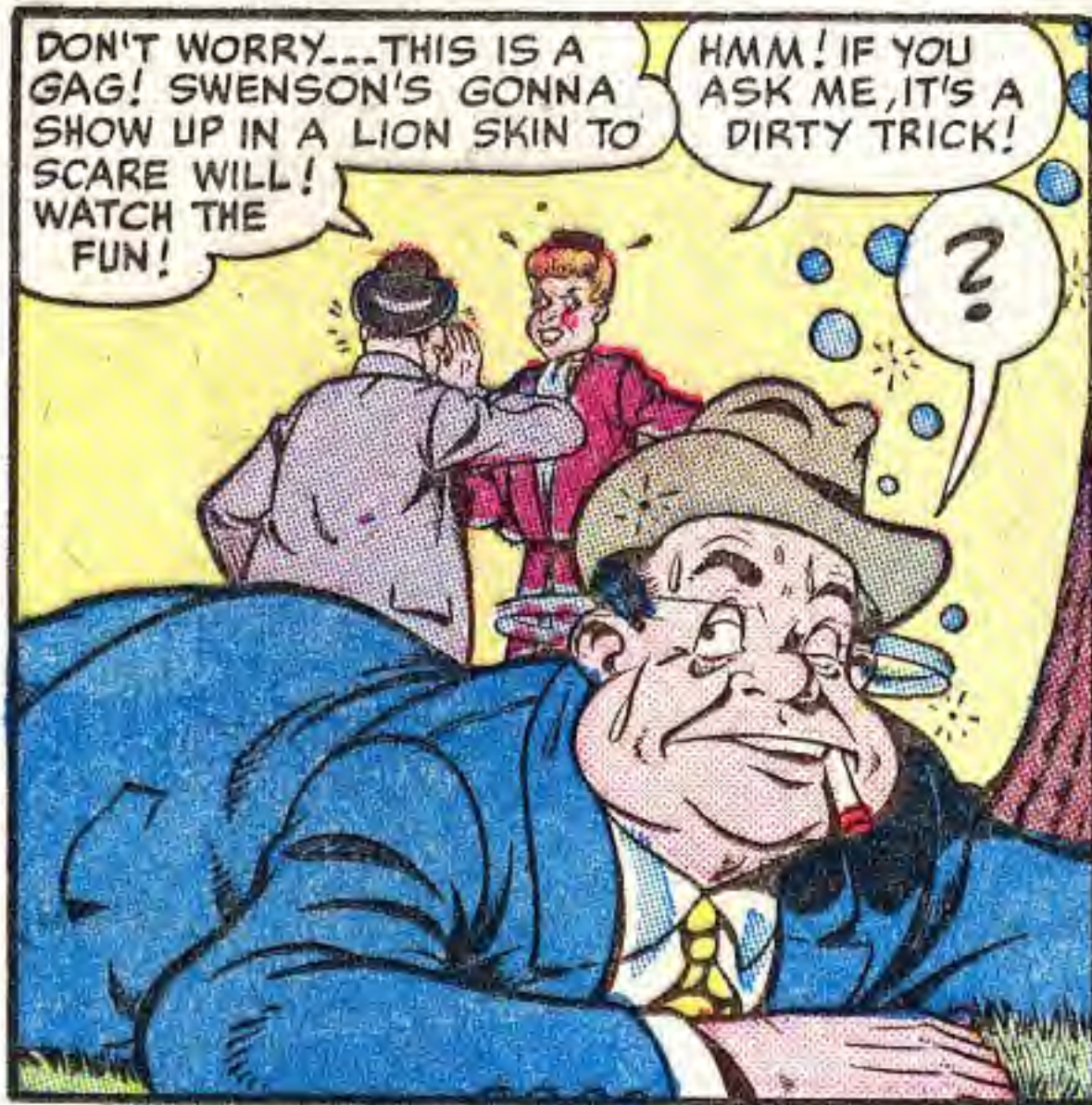
THIS OUGHTA BE A RIOT! MAYBE IT'LL TEACH THE BIG BLOKE TO QUIT BRAGGING!

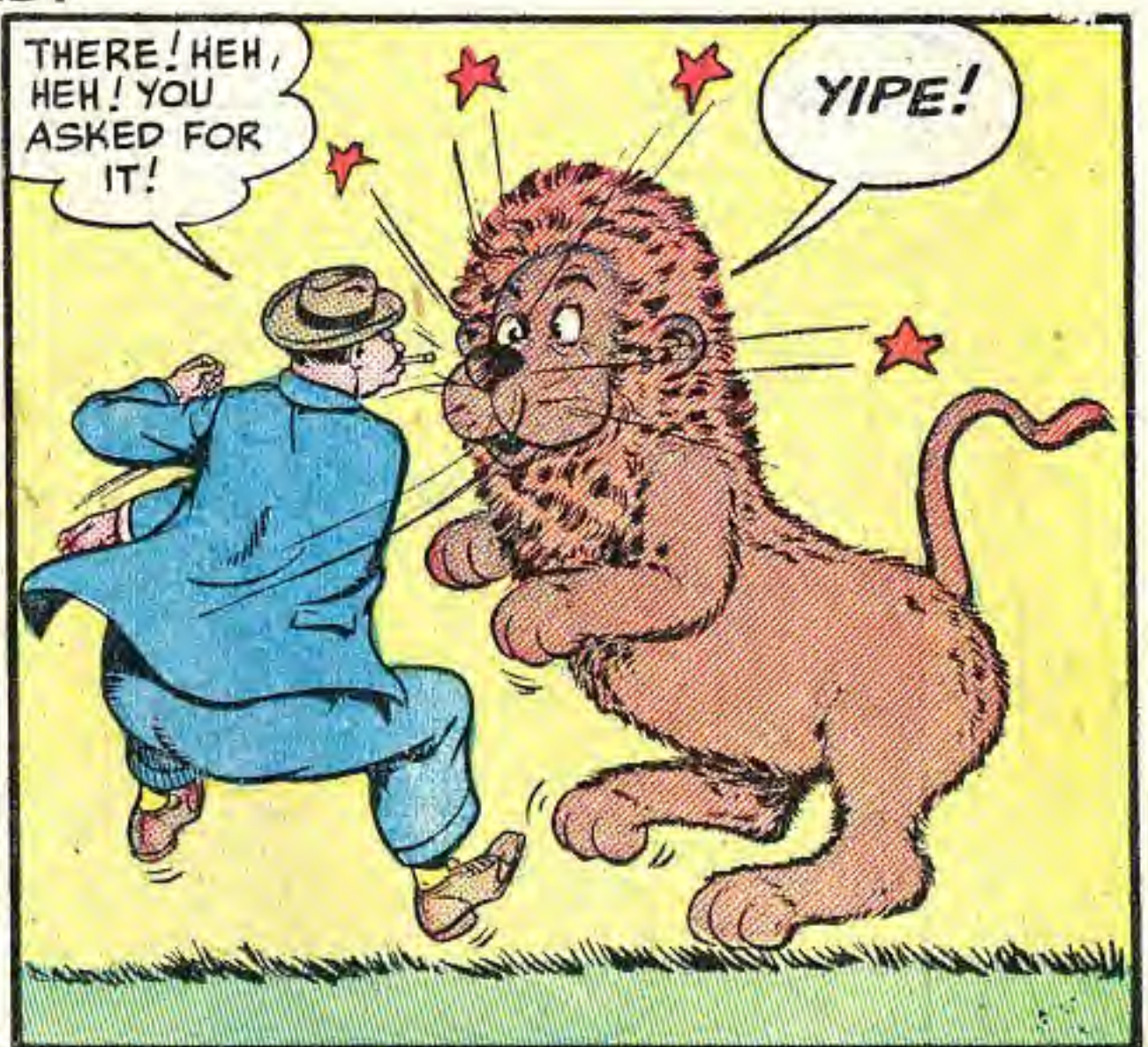
GOT A LION COSTUME THAT'LL FIT ME?



I BELIEVE SO, MR. SWENSON! BUT YOU'D BETTER TRY IT ON FOR SIZE!







CANDY

OH, TED! THERE'S BEEN A LAST MINUTE CHANGE IN PLANS! WE'RE NOT MOVING AFTER ALL! YOU'D BETTER BRING THE STUFF BACK IN THE HOUSE!

NOW SHE TELLS ME!



GOLLY, TRISH! FIRST WE'RE HAVING THE MASQUERADE PARTY AND THEN THE BOAT RIDE! LIFE IS SO EXCITING, I WOULDN'T LEAVE HARTWICK FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!



I'D BETTER HANG UP, TRISH! MY FATHER JUST CAME IN AND HE LOOKS LIKE HE HAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT ON HIS MIND!

CANDY, WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE HARTWICK! WE'RE MOVING TO DRABTON!







HIYA, DREAM QUEEN! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU LOST YOUR BEST FRIEND!

I'M GOING TO!



I DON'T GET LOST THAT EASILY, SUGAR PLUM!

OH, TED! IT'S ALL TOO AWFUL! MY FATHER PLANS TO MOVE HIS BUSINESS TO DRABTON AND TAKE THE FAMILY WITH HIM!



WE GOTTA STOP HIM! HE CAN'T DO THIS TO OUR BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP! WE GOTTA GIVE HIM A GOOD REASON FOR STAYING IN HARTWICK!

BUT HOW?



WE'LL TALK TO THE REST OF THE GANG ABOUT THIS! WITH ALL OUR HEADS TOGETHER, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO COME UP WITH A PLAN!

TED DAWSON, YOU GIVE ME NEW HOPE!



GANG, YOU GOTTA PUT YOUR GRAY CELLS TO WORK! YOU GOTTA STOP CANDY FROM BECOMING A DISPLACED PERSON!

WHAT TED MEANS IS THAT MY FATHER PLANS TO MOVE HIS BUSINESS OUT OF TOWN! AND WE NEED SOME STRATEGY TO PREVENT SUCH A DISASTER!



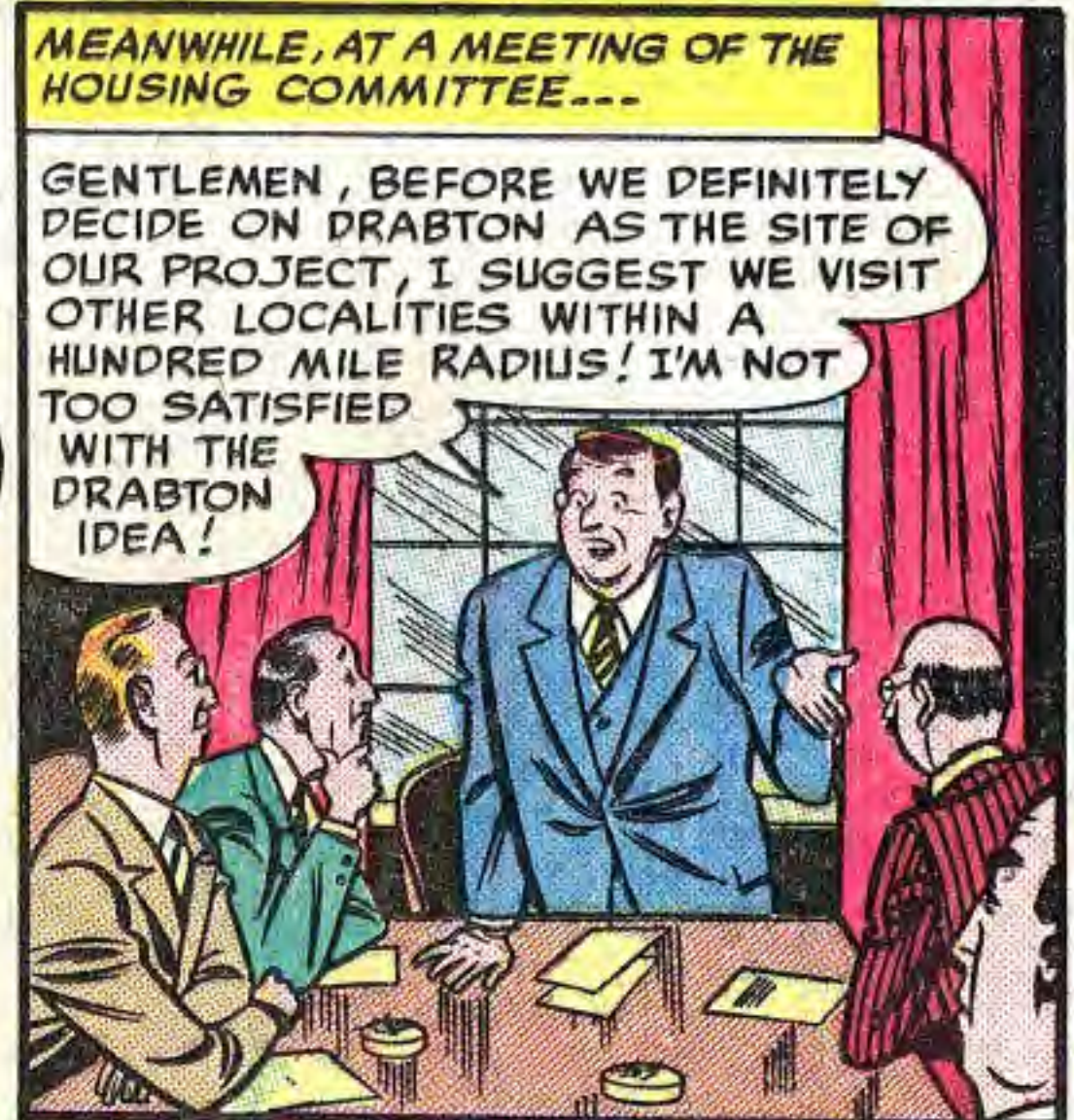
YOU MEAN HE THINKS HE CAN MAKE MORE MONEY ELSEWHERE?

MONEY! THAT'S IT! NOW IF WE CAN SHOW MR. O'CONNOR THAT HE CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN HARTWICK, HE WON'T WANT TO LEAVE!



I'M BEGINNING TO SEE AN ANGLE, GANG! THE O'CONNOR APPLIANCE SHOP IS GOING TO GET REAMS OF PUBLICITY AND SCADS OF PUBLIC RELATIONS!

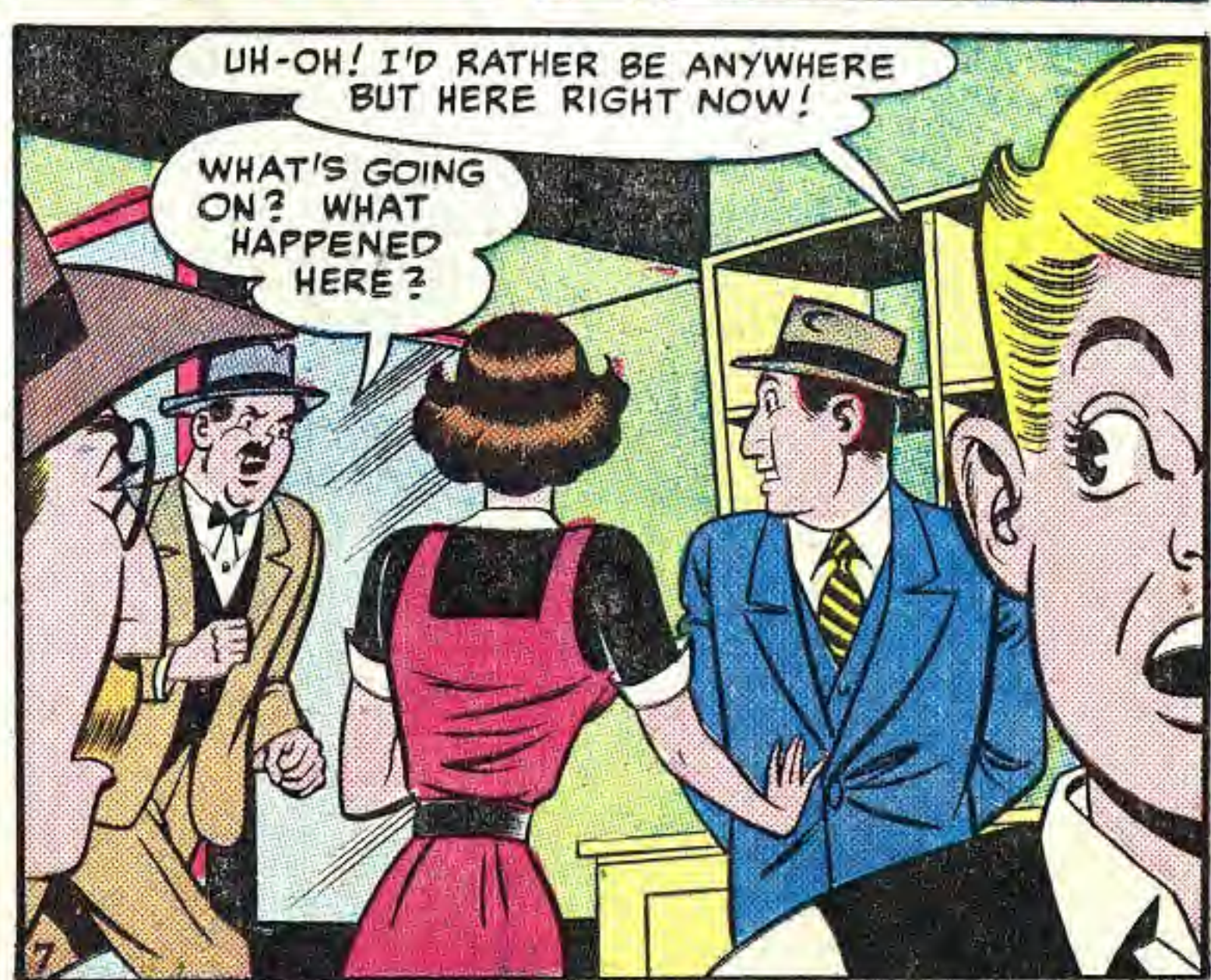
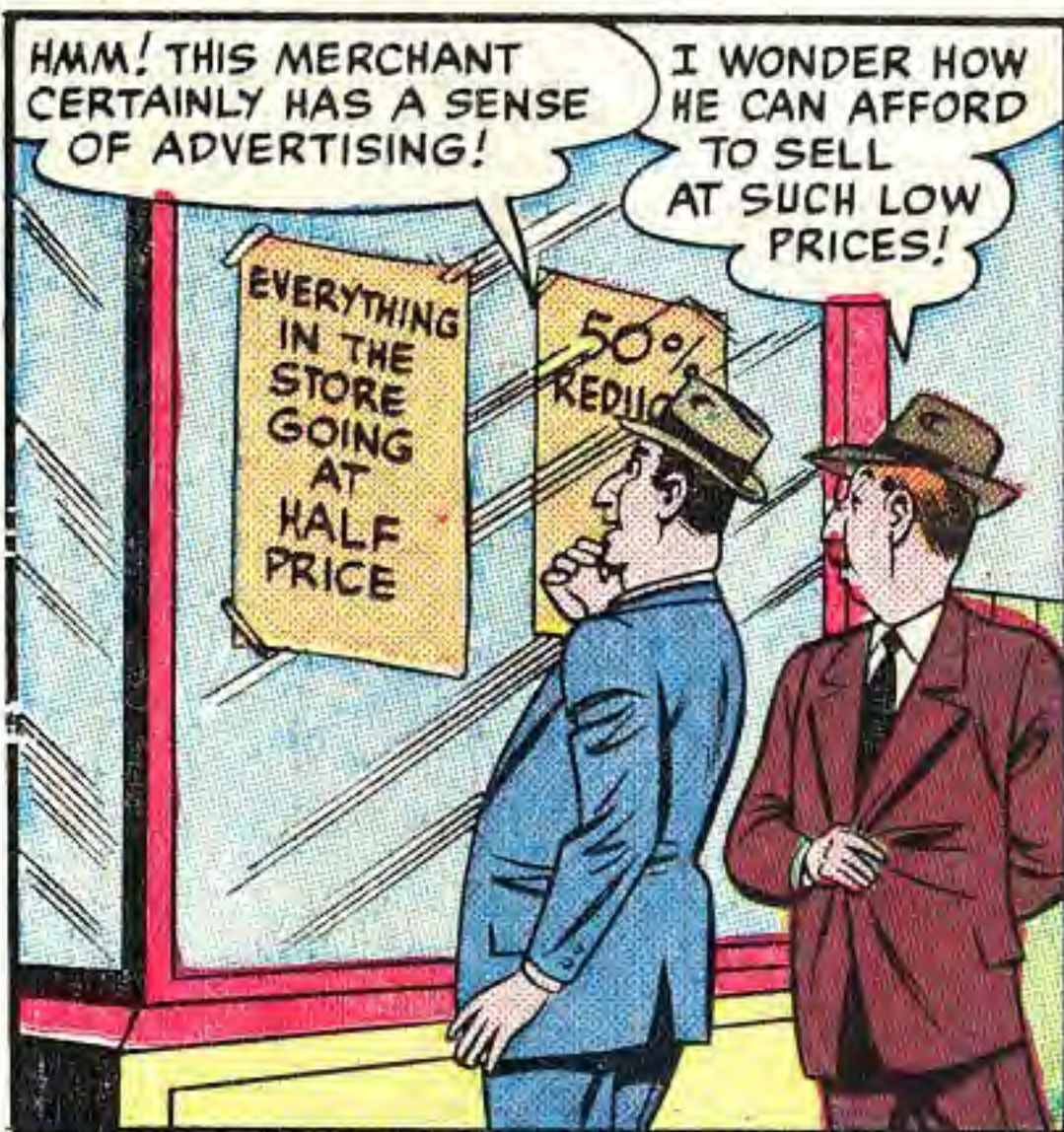
I DIG YOU, SUGAR BUN! LET'S PLAN A CAMPAIGN!

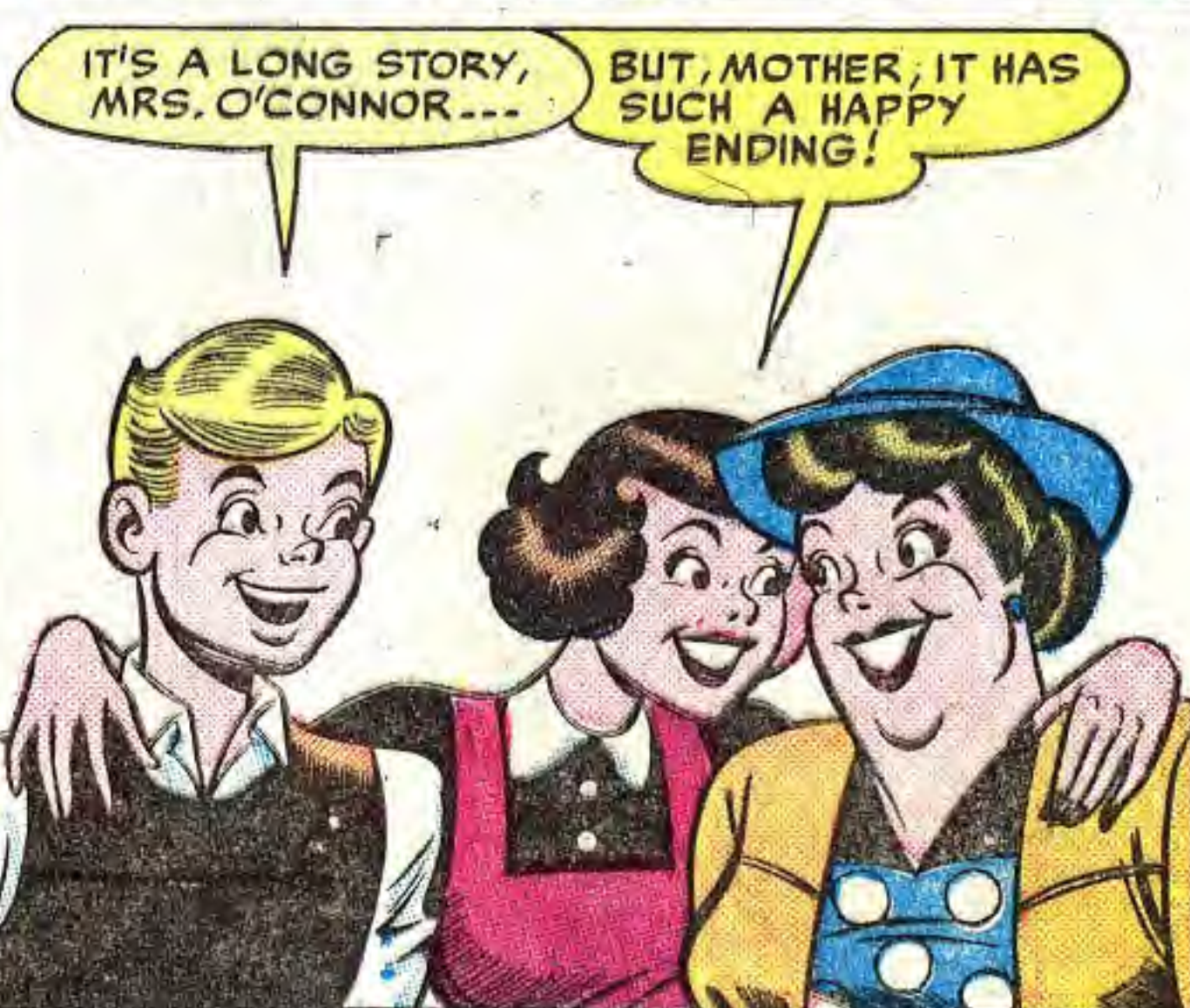


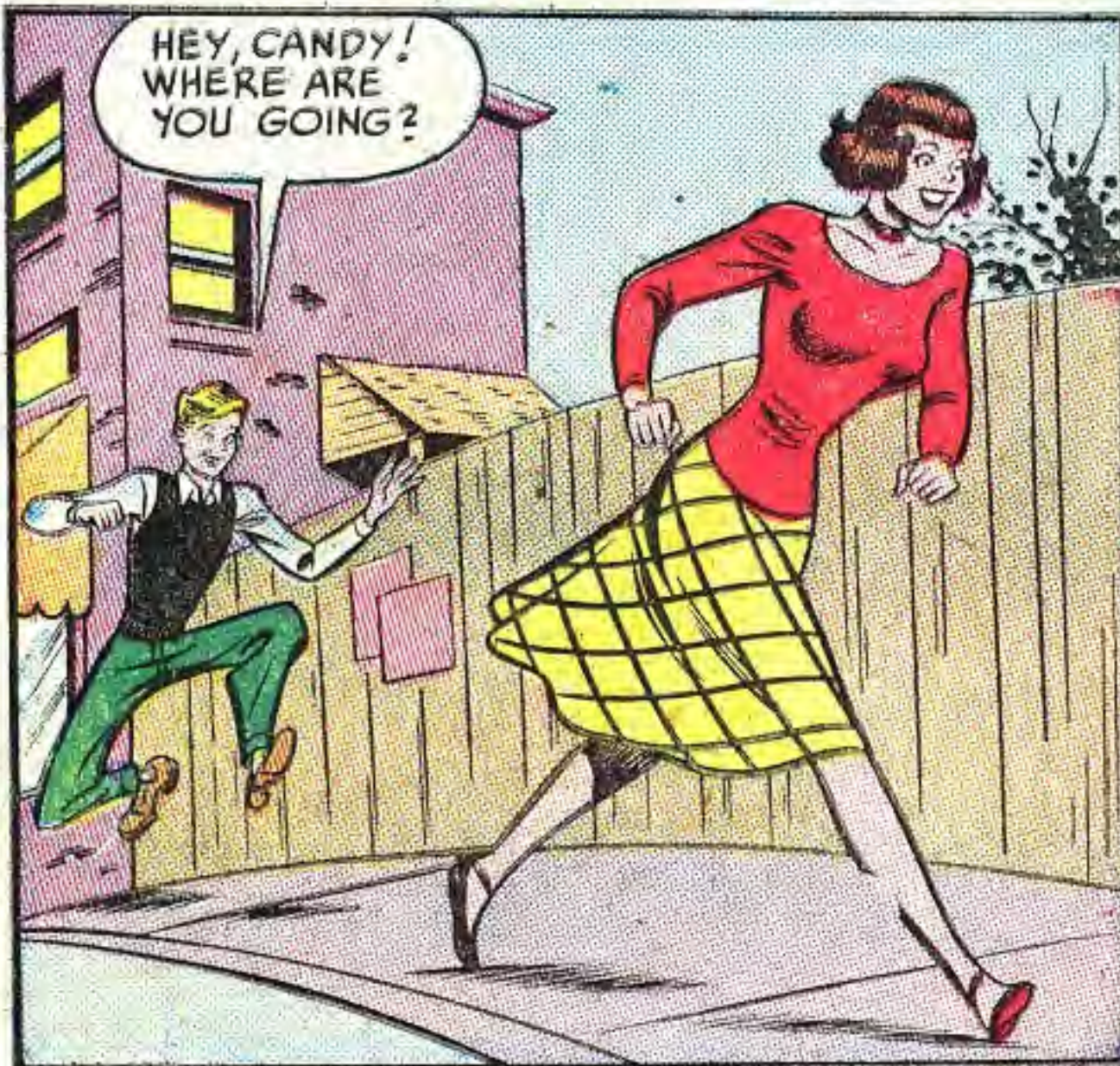
CANDY











CANDY



OKAY, TED!
BUT I THINK
YOU'LL BE
SORRY IF
YOU COME
ALONG!

WHAT'S THE
PITCH, CANDY?
ARE YOU TRYING
TO GET RID
OF ME?



NO, TED!
I'M JUST
TRYING TO
SPARE
YOU!

WHEREVER
YOU GO, I
GO, SUGAR
PLUM---



YOU ASKED
FOR IT! I'M
GOING IN
THERE!

OH, NO! YOU'LL BE
TRAMPLED BY THAT
STAMPEDE!



I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES! HOW ABOUT
YOU?

I CAN'T LEAVE CANDY AT THE
MERCY OF THAT
MOB! I
HAVE TO
PROTECT
HER!

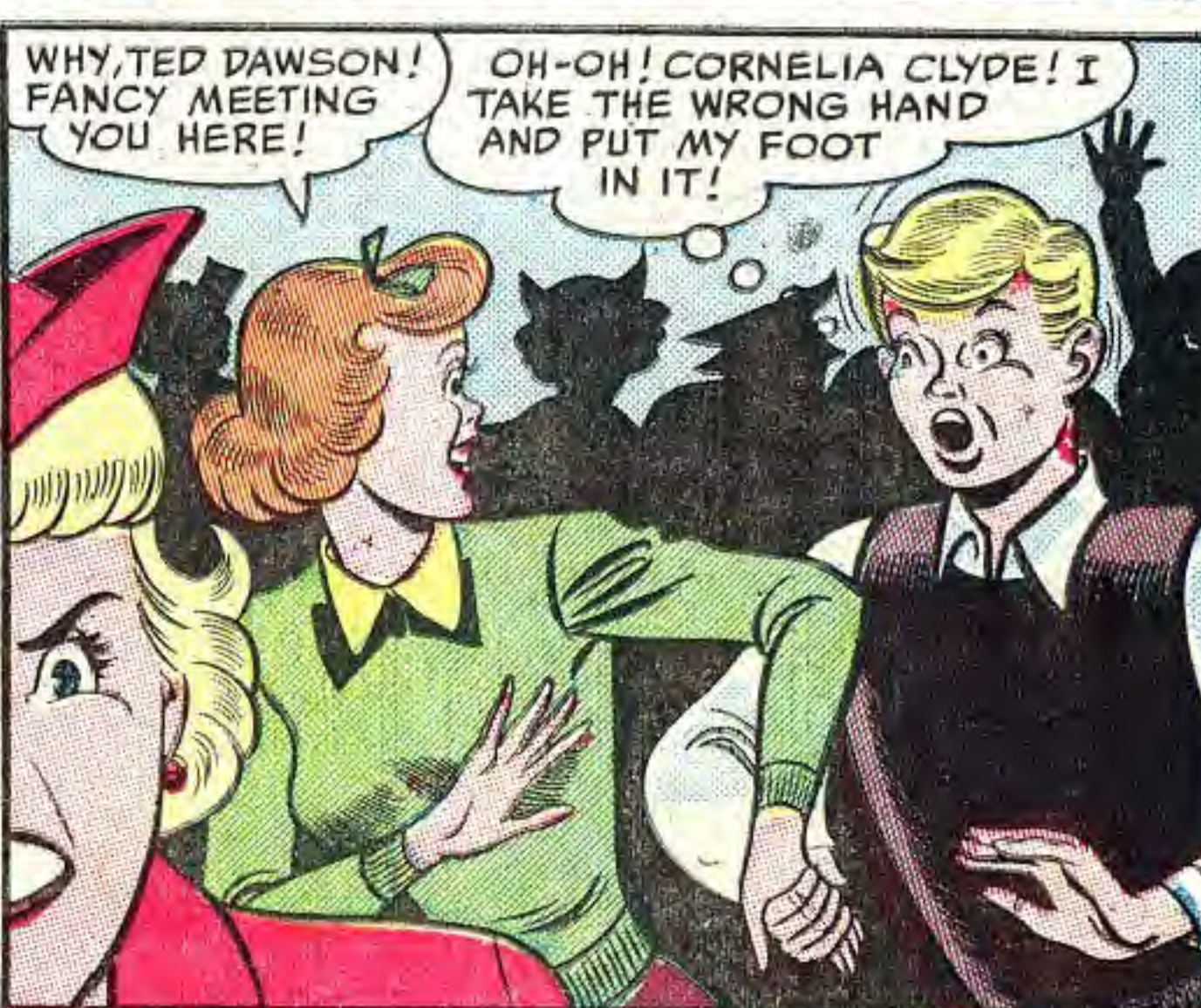


NOW TAKE MY HAND
SO THAT WE DON'T
GET SEPARATED!

HEY, WHO'S
PROTECTING
WHOM?



THIS MUST
BE CANDY'S
HAND!



WHY, TED DAWSON!
FANCY MEETING
YOU HERE!

OH-OH! CORNELIA CLYDE! I
TAKE THE WRONG HAND
AND PUT MY FOOT
IN IT!

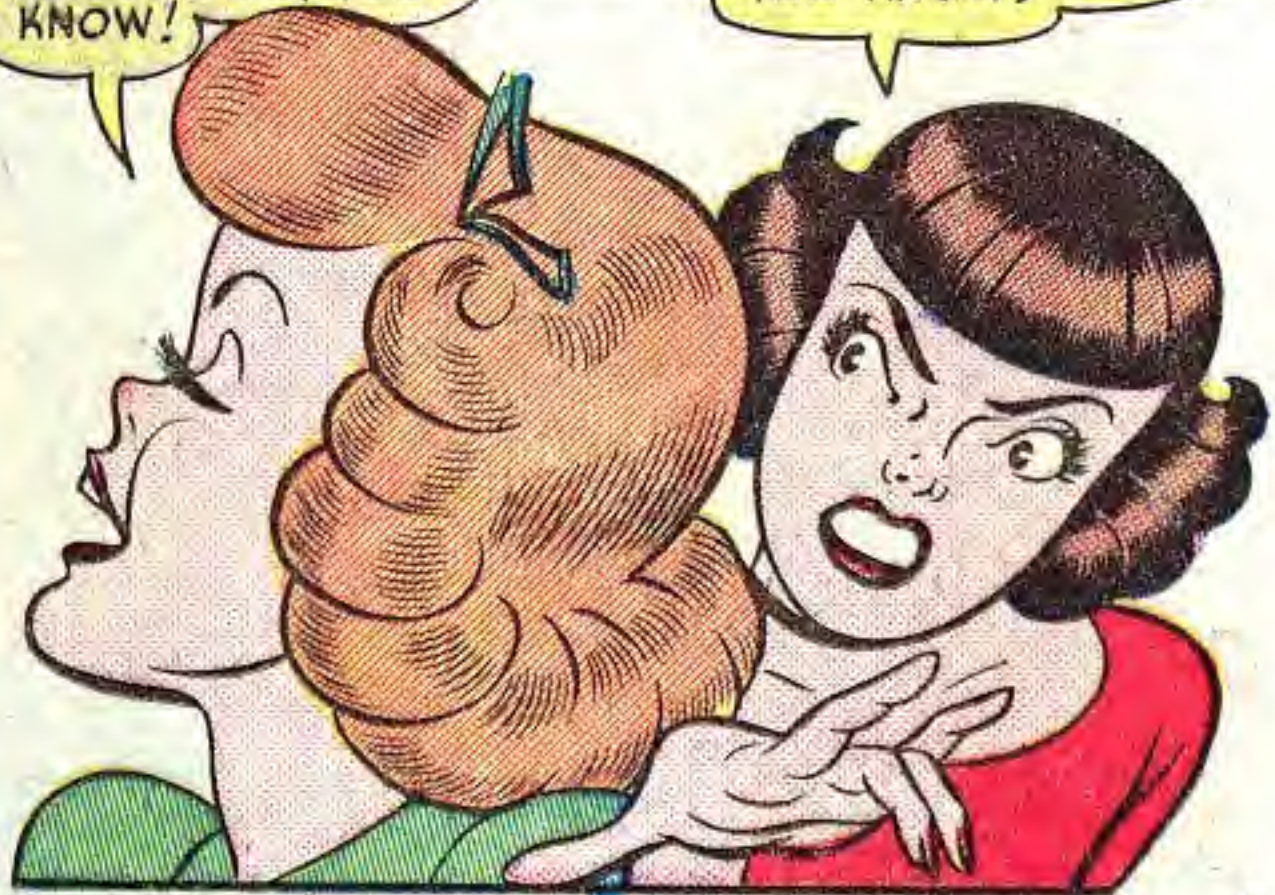
OH, I SEE YOU'RE NOT ALONE, TED! CANDY MUST HAVE DRAGGED YOU ALONG TO THIS TERRIBLY VULGAR SALE!

WELL, YOU SEEM TO BE HEADED IN THE SAME DIRECTION, CORNY!



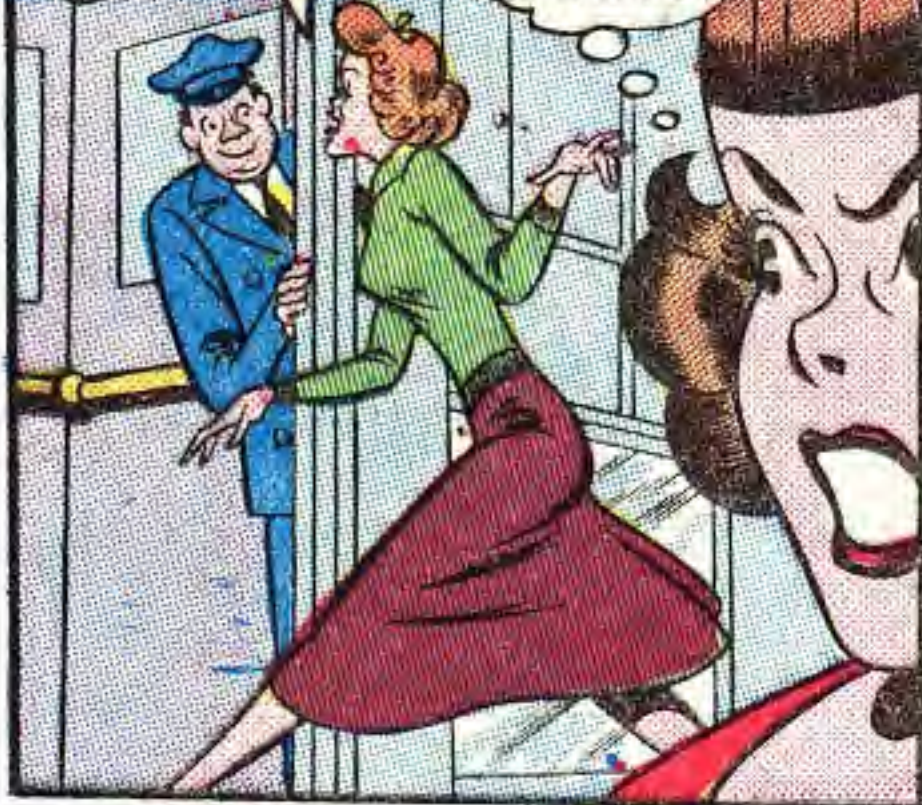
I'M ON MY WAY UPSTAIRS TO THE EXCLUSIVE DRESS SALON! THEY CARRY PARIS ORIGINALS, YOU KNOW!

I WOULDN'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER BEEN UP THERE! CAN'T STAND THE ALTITUDE YOU KNOW!



WELL, SO LONG! YOU'D BETTER HURRY TO THAT SALE! YOU MUST BE TERRIBLY EAGER TO PICK UP SOMETHING CHEAP!

I'M TERRIBLY EAGER TO HAUL OFF AND SOCK YOU BUT I CAN'T FORGET THAT I'M A LADY!



HEY, CANDY---CANDY!

OH, GOLLY! SHE CAN'T HEAR ME!



GOSH, I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO TED! MAYBE HE'LL MEET ME AT THE SALE!

SEE THAT GIRL OVER THERE! SHE FITS THE DESCRIPTION WE GOT OF SADIE THE SHOPLIFTER! KEEP AN EYE ON HER!



BUT SHE'S SUCH AN INNOCENT-LOOKING KID---

DON'T LET THAT FOOL YOU! I'M PRETTY SURE SHE'S OUR GIRL!



I THINK THE STORE DICKS ARE AFTER ME! I'D BETTER UNLOAD BEFORE THEY CATCH ME WITH THE GOODS!



I HATE TO DO THIS BUT IT'S BETTER THAN GETTING CAUGHT!



FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT I'D LOST HER IN THE CROWD! THERE SHE IS!



OH, MISS! YOU DROPPED SOMETHING!



GOSH! SHE'S GONE!
WELL, I'LL BE... SHE'S GOT THE BRACELET THAT WAS REPORTED STOLEN FIVE MINUTES AGO!



THESE LOOK LIKE REAL DIAMONDS! THIS BRACELET MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE! I'D BETTER GET IT TO THE LOST AND FOUND RIGHT AWAY!



SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T VERY SMART FOR A SHOPLIFTER! SHE ISN'T EVEN TRYING TO CONCEAL THE EVIDENCE!



NOW TO MAKE THE PINCH!

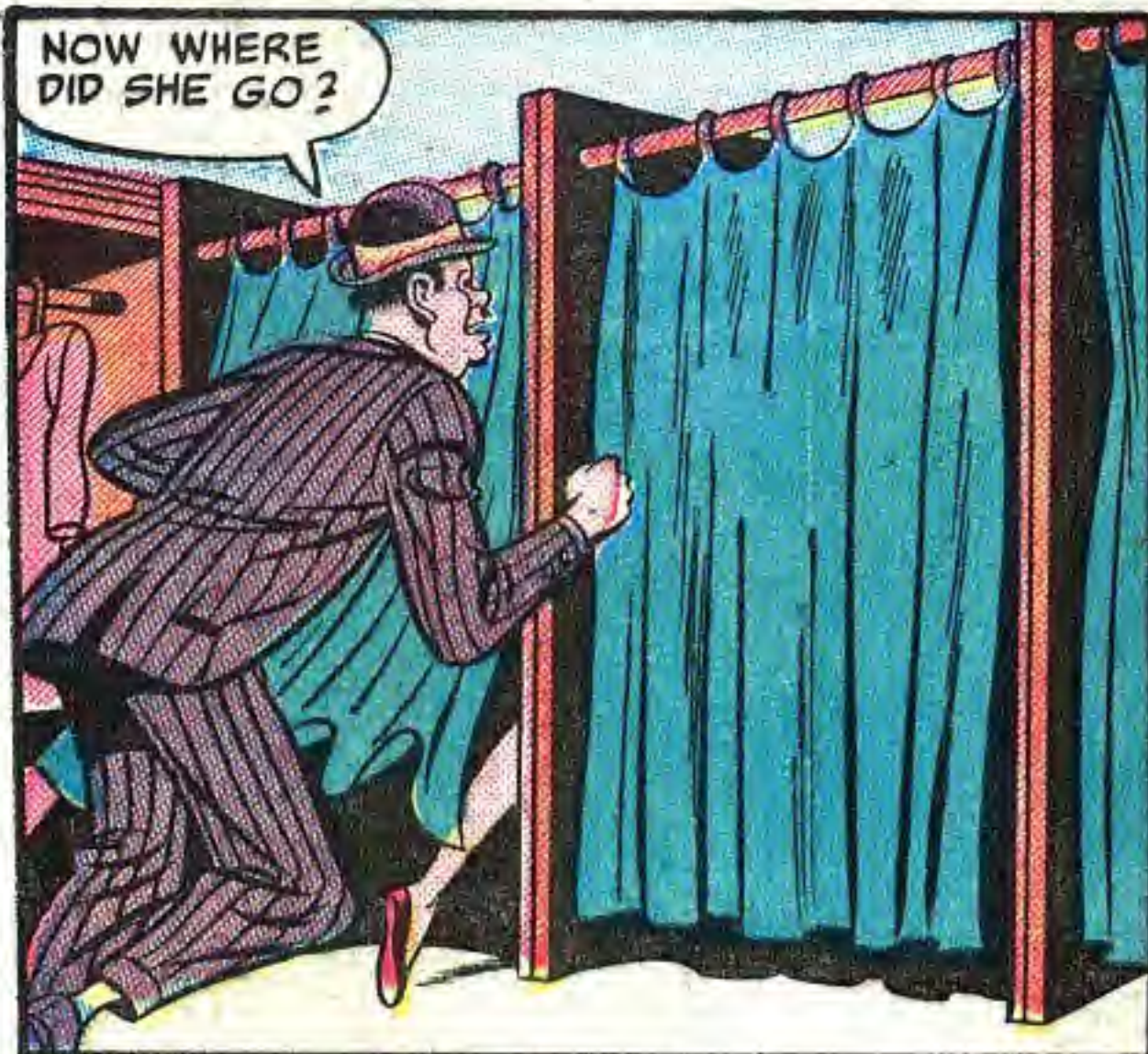


PARDON ME, SIR! CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO THE LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT?

QUIT YOUR CLOWNING, SISTER! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!



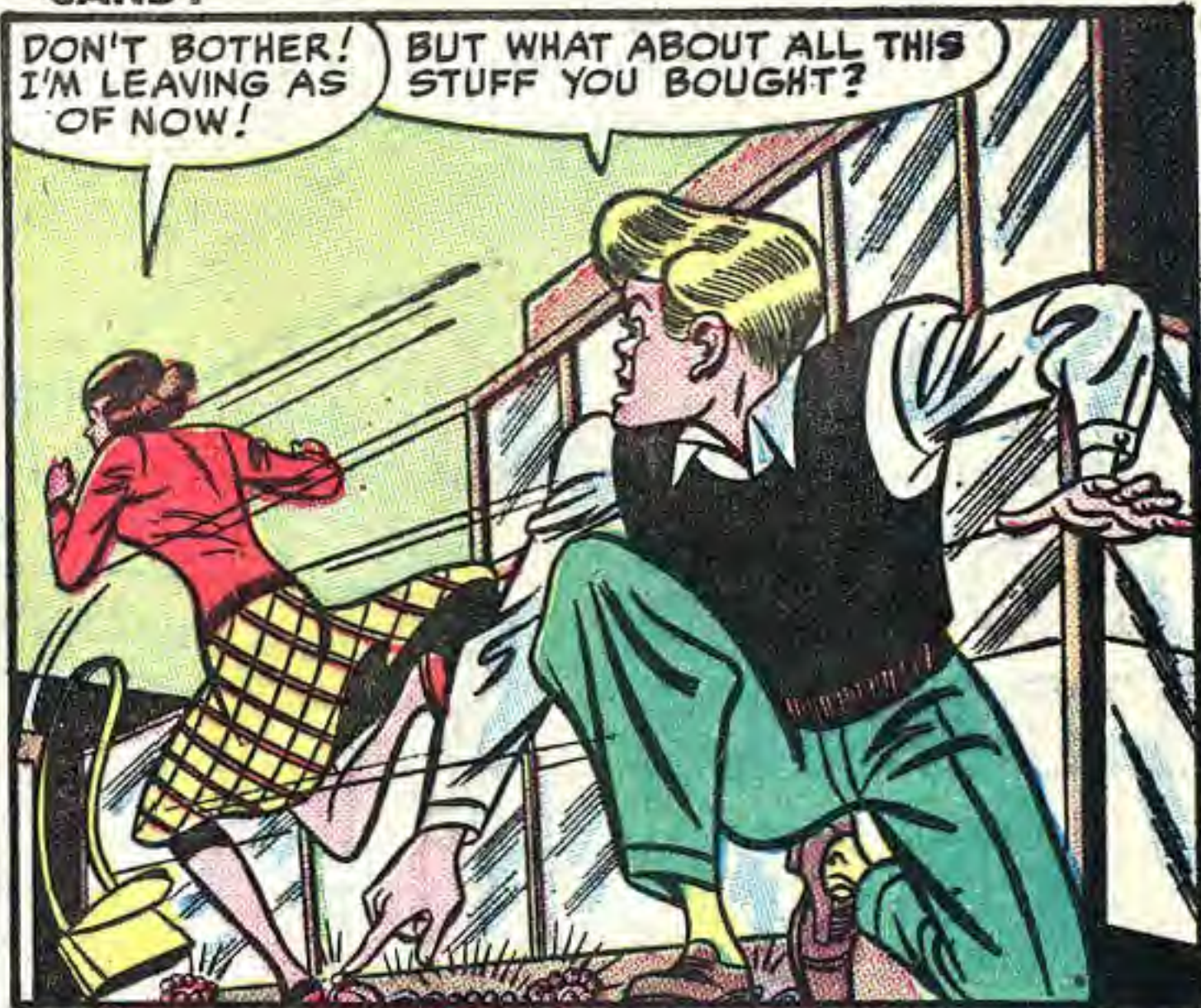
THIS MAN'S A LUNATIC! I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!



CANDY







**THE GREATEST
STORIES EVER PACKED
IN ONE MAGAZINE!**

**THE SENSATIONAL
POLICE
COMICS
52**

**THRILL-PACKED
PAGES OF
DARING EXPLOITS
AGAINST CRIME!**



**THRILL TO
THE FAST MOVING
POLICE
COMICS
ADVENTURES!**

THIS SEAL ON THE COVER



**MEANS THE BEST IN
READING ENTERTAINMENT!**

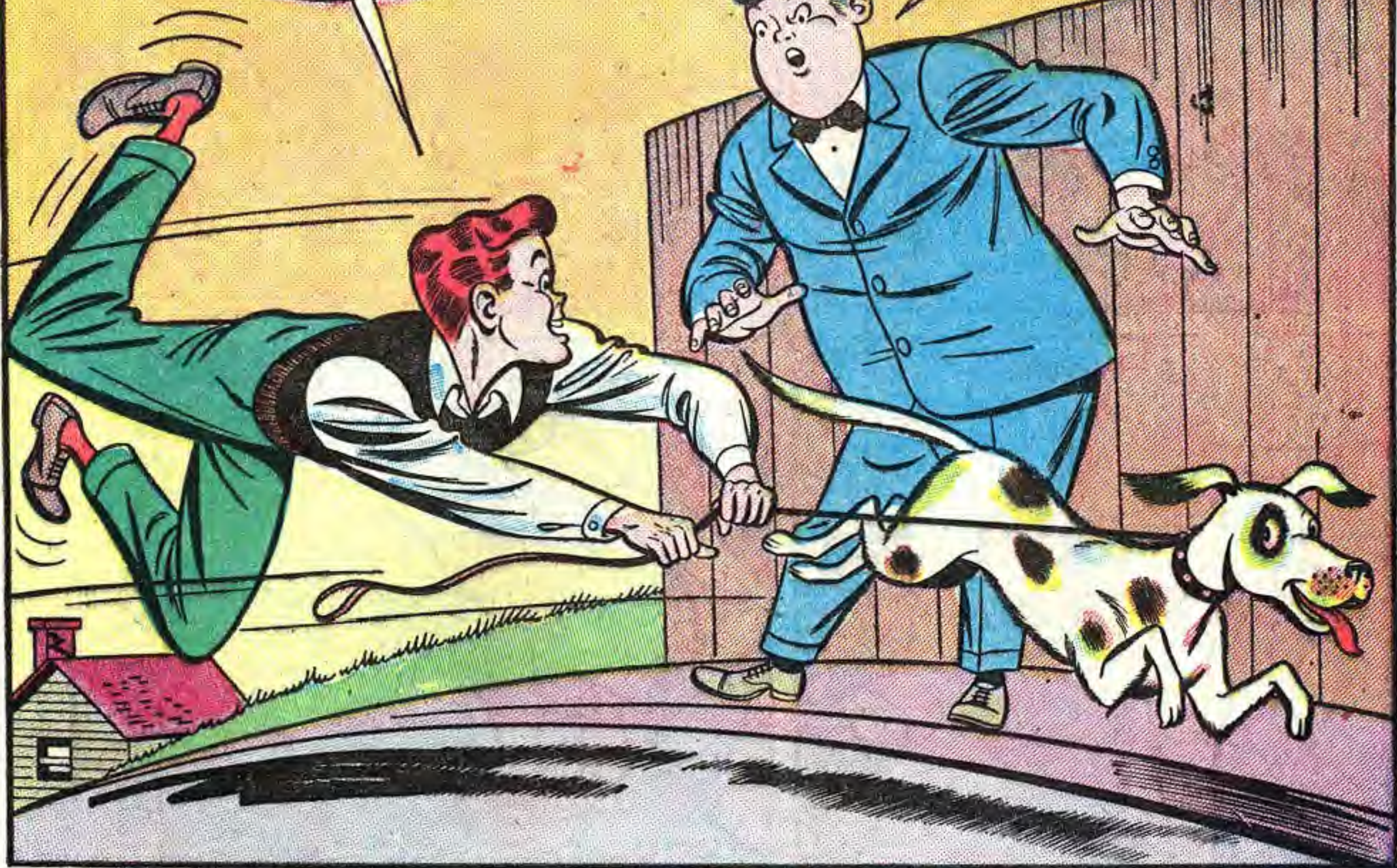


**EXTRA!
T-MAN
DON'T MISS IT!**

JITTERS

SORRY I CAN'T
WAIT, GATE! I'M
DOG SITTING

GOSH, JITTERS,
THAT DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE **SITTING**
TO ME!



HI, BUGS, OLD BOY!
I'M ON THE BEAM
OF A DREAM, A
REAL NEAT
DISH! GIRL,
THAT IS!

NATCH!
HEY,
LOOK
WHO'S
COMIN'!



GOOD
DAY,
SIR!

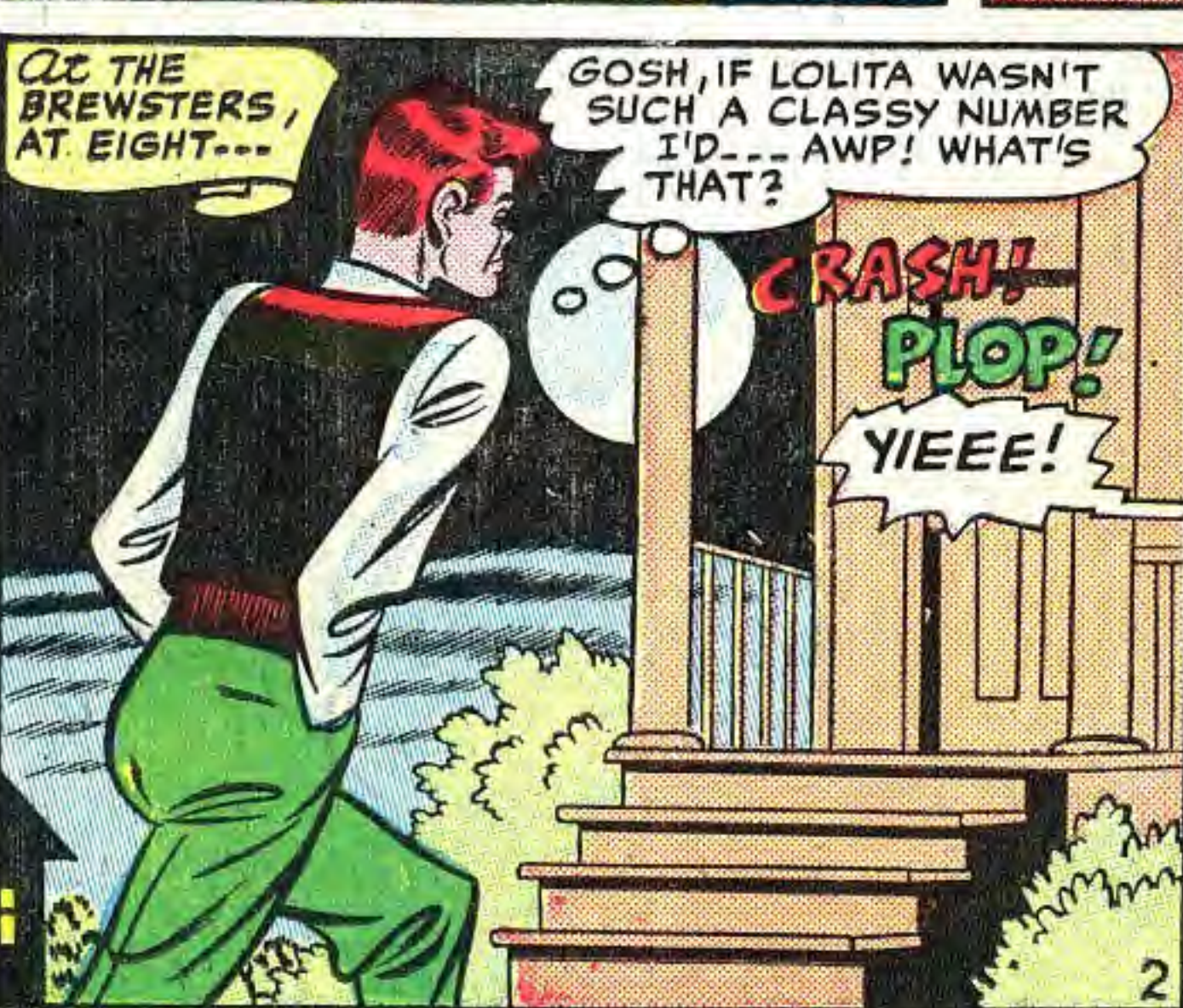
WHAT'S GOOD
ABOUT IT?
BAH!

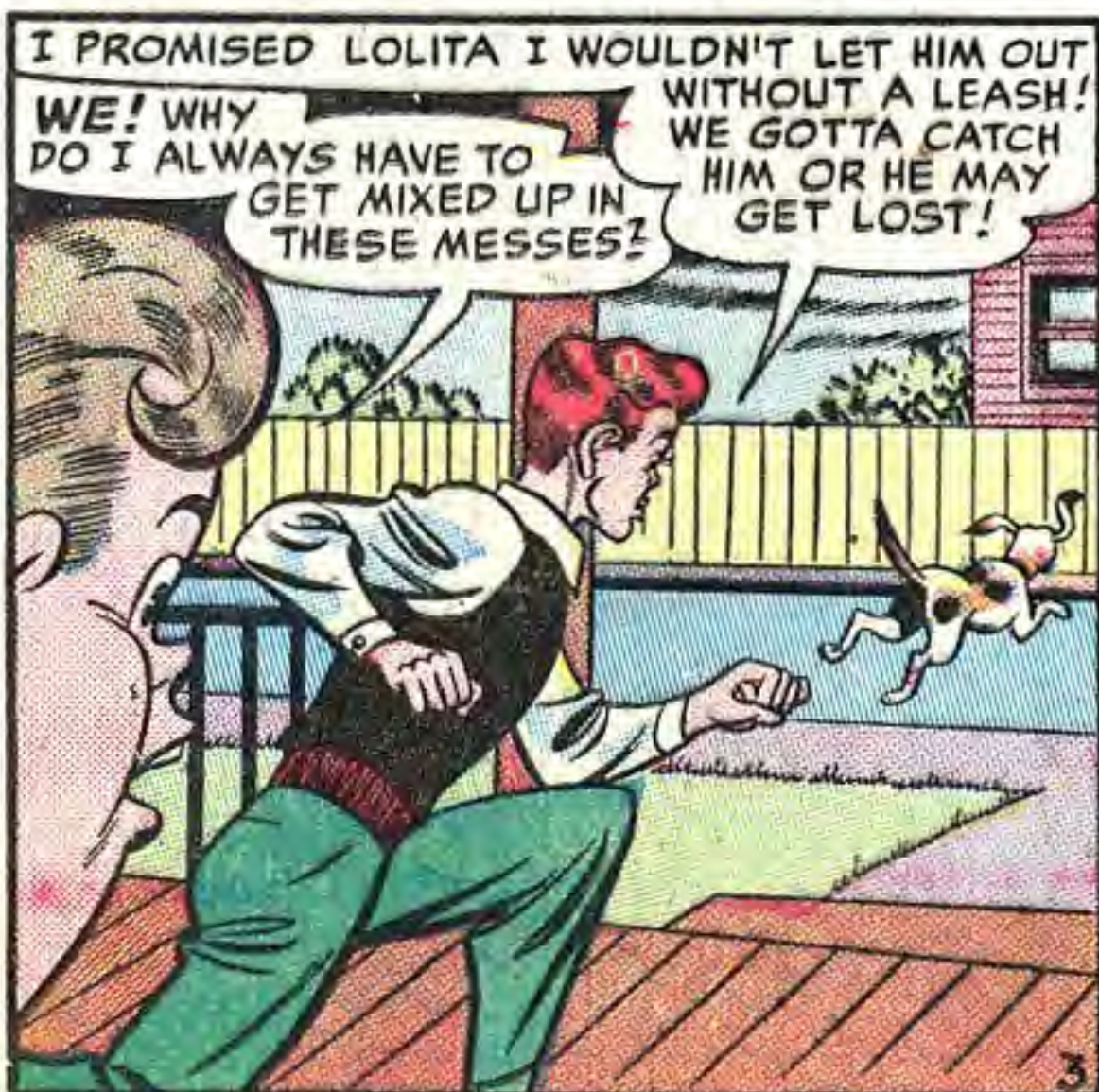
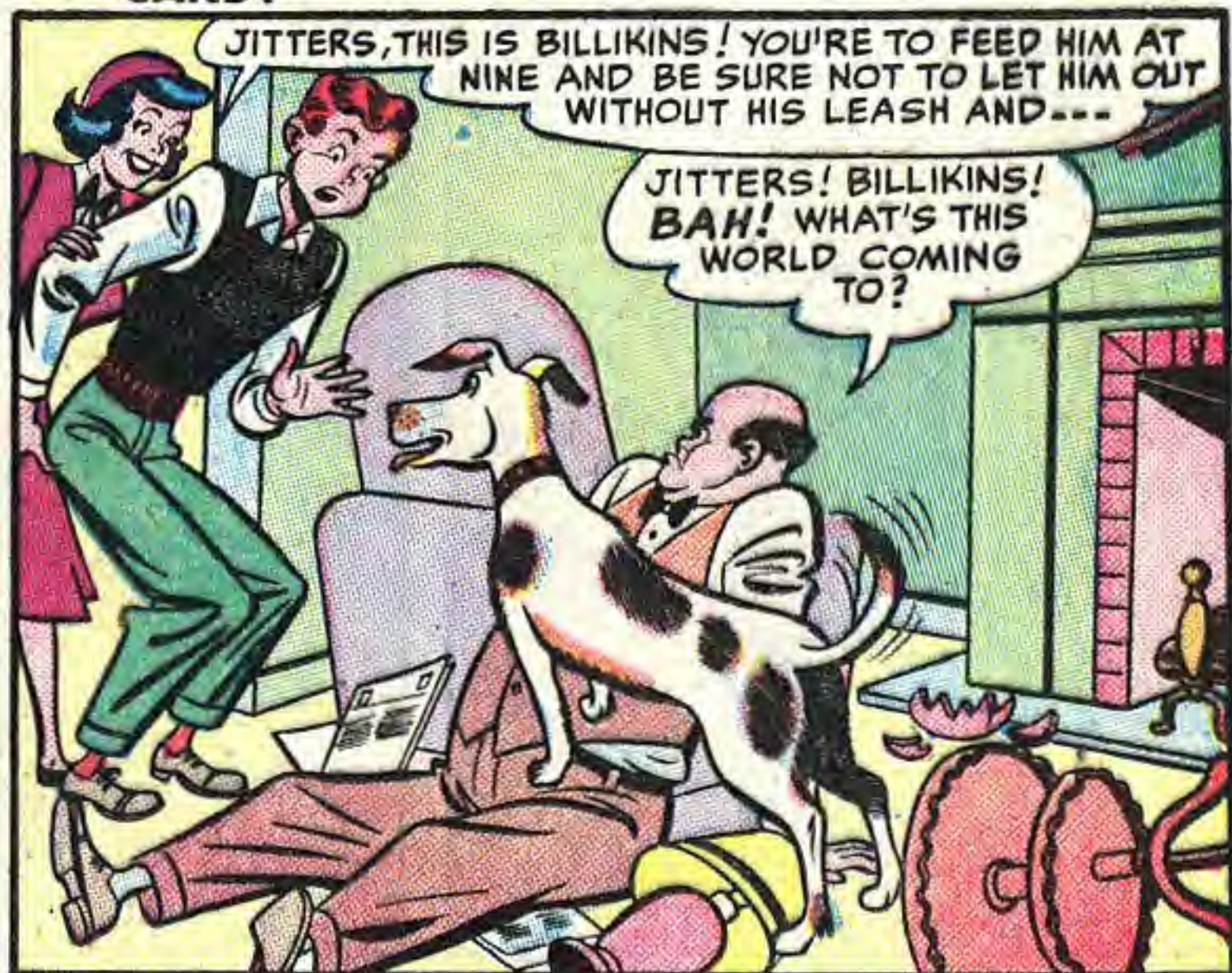


WOW!
WHO'S
THE
SOUR-
PUSS?

THAT'S RICH. OLD
MR. DRIPPLESNIP
WHO LIVES OUT
TOWARD THE EDGE
OF TOWN! GOSH,
HE ACTED GROU-
CHIER THAN USUAL!









AIEEE!
HELP!

MR. BREWSTER!
OH, GOLLY!

YIPE!



MY PRECIOUS BABY!
JITTERS, YOU'RE
LETTING HIM RUN
AWAY!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET HIM!

YEAH, PANTS
PANTS IF IT
KILLS US!



BILLIKINS, YOU DUMB DOG, DON'T
TEAR UP THAT
FLOWER
BED!

SUFFERIN' CATS!
LOOKS LIKE YOUR
TROUBLES HAVE JUST
STARTED!

ARF!
ARF!



ARF! ARF!

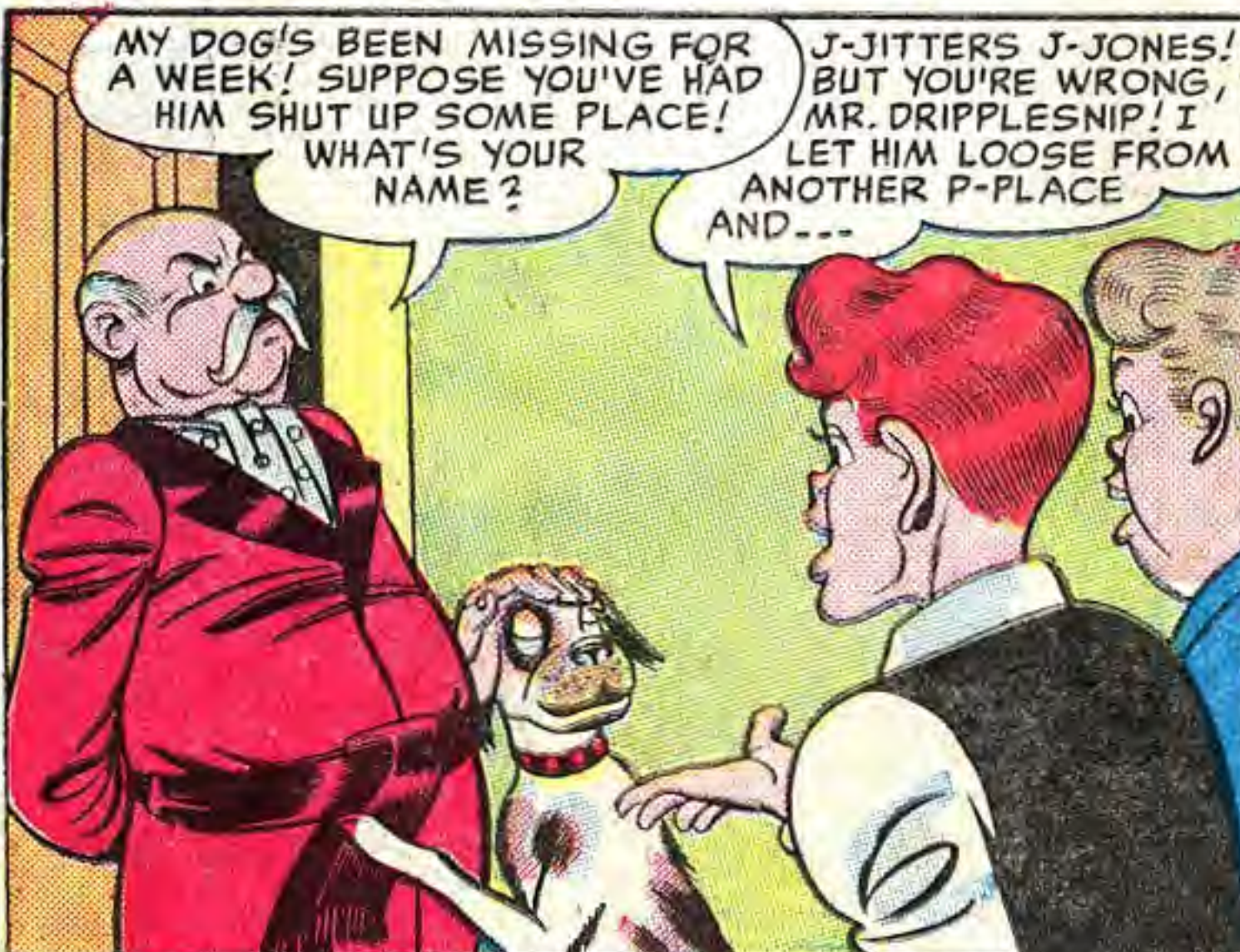
THIS IS
GRUMPY
OLD MR.
DRIPPLE-
SNIP'S
HOUSE!

AWP!
WHY DOES
EVERY-
THING
HAPPEN
TO ME?



WOOF!
WOOF!

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE
OUT--- ROVER,
YOU'VE COME
BACK!



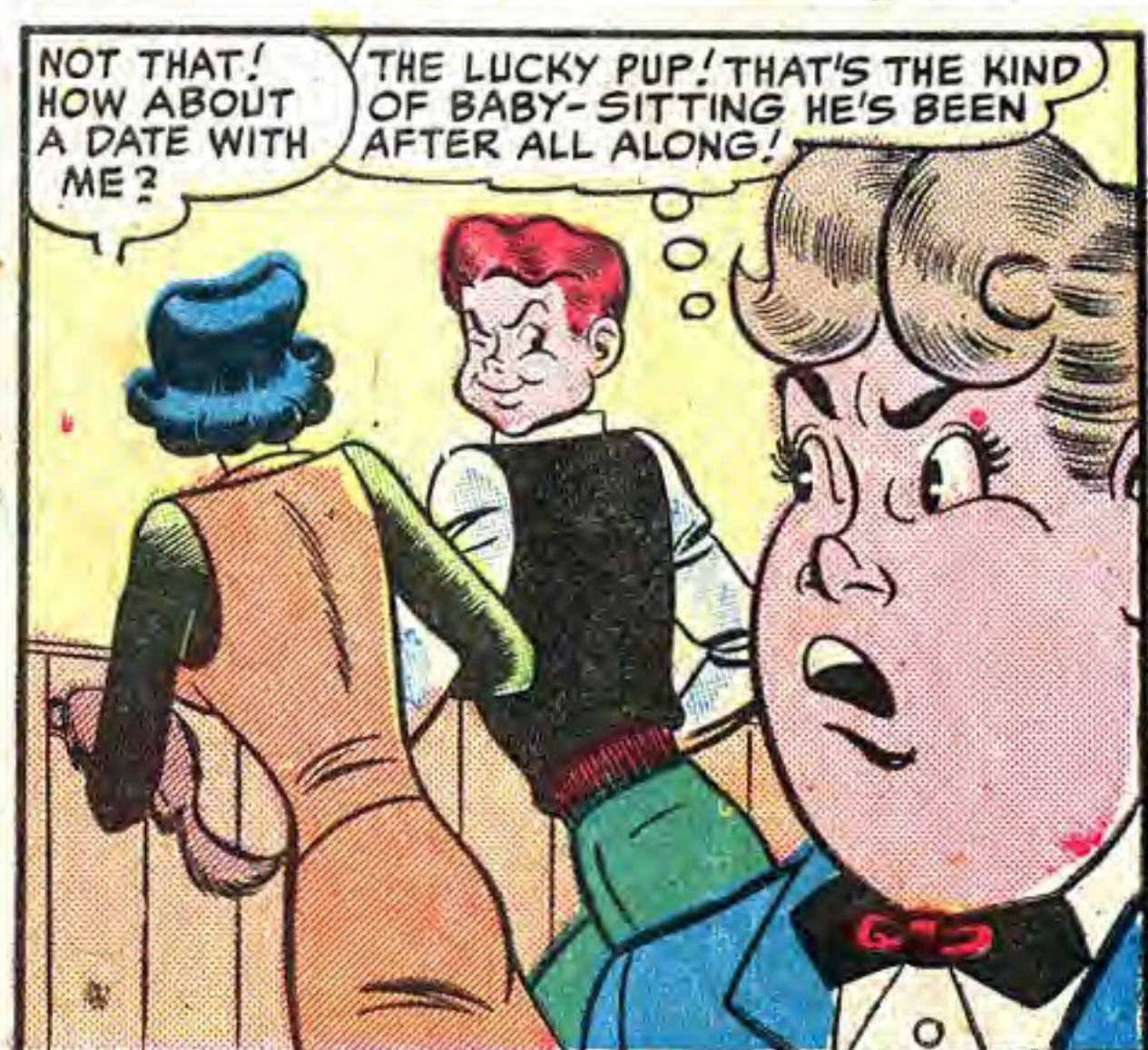
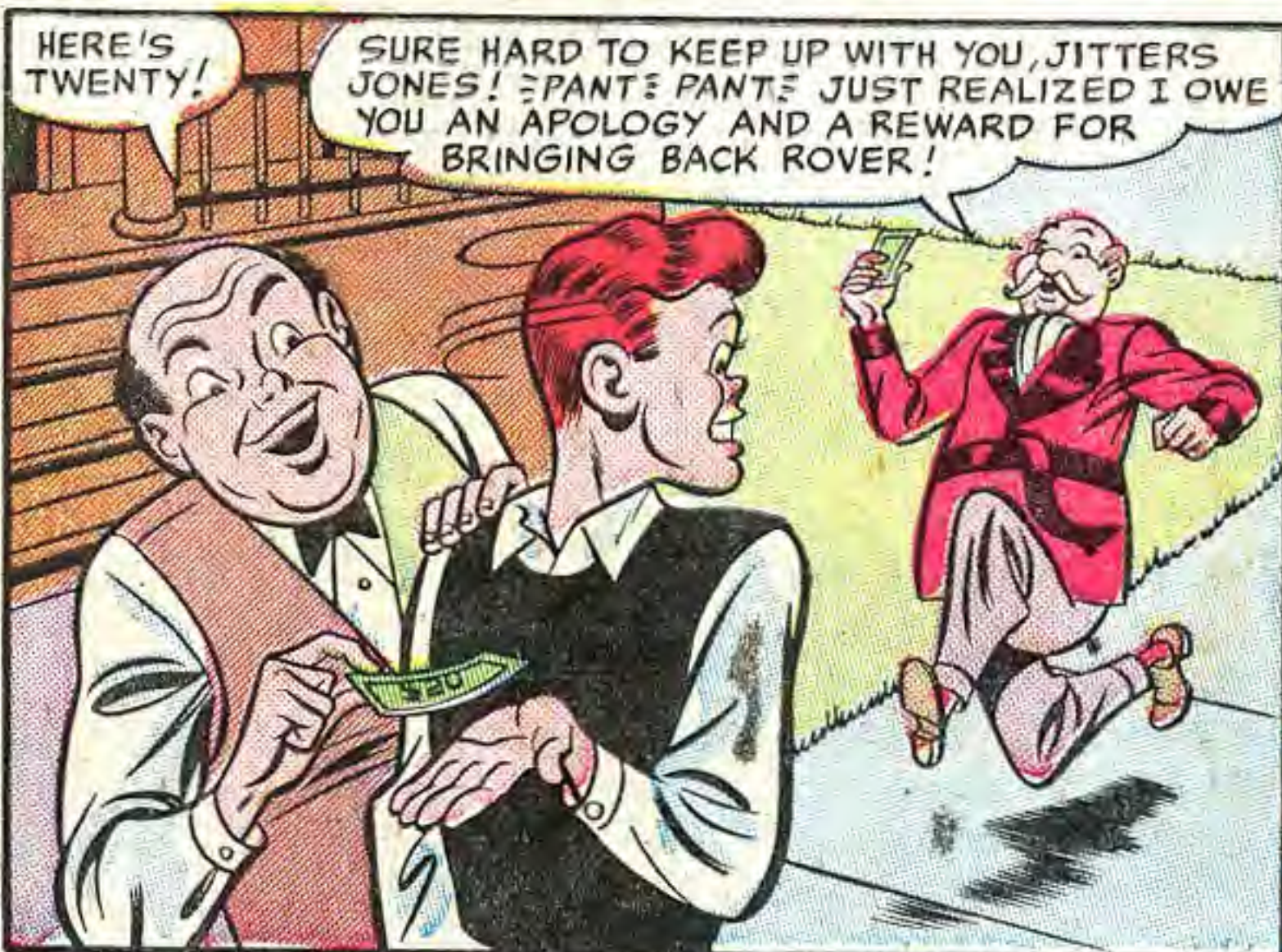
MY DOG'S BEEN MISSING FOR
A WEEK! SUPPOSE YOU'VE HAD
HIM SHUT UP SOME PLACE!
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

J-JITTERS J-JONES!
BUT YOU'RE WRONG,
MR. DRIPPLESNIP! I
LET HIM LOOSE FROM
ANOTHER P-PLACE
AND---



---AND I GUESS I G-GOTTA BE
GOING! GOOD-
BYE!

YEAH!
S-SO
LONG!



TED TURNS THE TABLES

"OKAY, kids," concluded Candy, as she finished a whispering campaign with her two best friends, Tina and Trish. "Spread the word, but remember—Ted mustn't know a thing about it!"

"Gotcha, gal!" answered Tina with a grin, her eyes twinkling. "We'll see that your joy-boy's kept in the dark!"

"Shhh! Here he comes now," warned Trish as she glanced over her shoulder and saw Ted Dawson approaching.

"I'll pretend I don't see him and go the other way," giggled Candy. "I have to meet Freddy in five minutes!"

Nothing pleased Candy O'Connor as much as secrets and surprises. She hurried off down the street, fairly bubbling over with excitement, and turned in at The Sweet Shoppe, the meeting place of the teen-agers.

"One thing's sure," she thought. "Ted won't be along for a few minutes, so I'm safe in making my plans with Freddy!"

"Right here, Candy," greeted Freddy Burton, motioning her to the back booth. "I wondered if you could duck Dawson long enough to keep our date!"

Freddy was a new boy at Hartwick High, tall and good looking and a swell Joe. Besides that, he had organized a small dance band which had put him in the number one spot on the gang's Hep Parade! Most of the girls were swoony about him, a fact which the fellows might have resented if he hadn't been such a regular guy.

Candy slid into the booth opposite Freddy and soon they were absorbed in conversation which was drowned out by the playing of the juke box as some of the kids dived into the jive.

They didn't see Ted enter and sidle over to the soda fountain. Nor could they hear him as he spoke to Herbie, the soda jerk, asking for Candy.

"Sure, she's here," Herbie informed him. "In that back booth with Freddy!"

And they didn't know that Ted was listening as the music stopped suddenly and their voices rang out much louder than they realized, from trying to be heard above the noise.

"Then it's all set," Candy was saying. "I'll have to keep my dinner date with Ted tomorrow

night but we should be back by eight! You be at my house and we'll go on from there!"

"Great," came back Freddy's voice. "It'll be Friday and we can go all night! Only I hope Dawson doesn't find out about it!"

They didn't see the flush of hurt pride that spread over Ted's face or the way he turned abruptly and rushed toward the door of The Sweet Shoppe and out to the street.

"Gee, Freddy," said Candy happily, "you're simply super to help me out this way and furnish your band and all! I'll bet this'll be the best birthday party Ted ever had!"

"But maybe we'd better break it up," she added, hopping from the booth. "Ted might come in and hear us and that would spoil the whole surprise!" By this time, Ted was a block away, his shoulders sagging and his heart heavy. Candy had been his steady for a long time and he couldn't bear to believe what he had heard. Yet, it had been plain enough to him that Candy meant to ditch him after their dinner date tomorrow night and go out with Freddy! On his birthday, too!

"It would've been easier," Ted thought, "if she'd been on the level and told me the truth! But sneakin' around like this——"

Ted turned up the walk toward his own house. Gradually, his hurt was turning to anger! With every step, he grew more indignant! By the time he was inside, he wanted nothing but bitter revenge! He grabbed the phone and dialed 34J!

"I'll get even with her," he vowed to himself. "I'll have another date, too—with Cornelia Clyde! If there's anybody Candy doesn't like, it's Cornelia!"

Ted didn't like her, either! But he could think of no better way to get even! Besides, there was plenty of competition between the two girls and it seemed the best way to get Candy riled and, he hoped, even fighting for his affections.

"Hello," came a sweet, sugary voice from the receiver. "Miss Clyde speaking!"

"Corny, this is Ted!" He gulped because he didn't want the date at all but now he had to go through with it. "I—I wondered if you'd go to a movie with me . . . er . . . tomorrow night!"

"Nothing I'd like better, Teddy boy," came

the syrupy answer. "What happened between you, and Candy?"

"Er . . . nothing! I—I'll pick you up at eight-thirty!"

The next day was bright and busy for Candy. She baked a birthday cake and decorated it with rosebuds and candles and fancy lettering which read: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TED. She and Tina and Trish fixed a corner in the O'Connor's whoopee room for the orchestra and put wax on the floor for dancing. Then they strung paper ropes around and put up posters with silly verses and spread a table for the buffet supper! Some of the boys came, to carry in the cases of cokes, and the girls made sandwiches and salads. And, all the while, Candy's mother was to give the signal if she saw Ted approaching. But Ted didn't put in an appearance until six, the hour for his dinner date with Candy!

She was beaming as she breezed into the room in a pretty yellow sheer dress. "This is going to be an utterly divine evening," she announced. "Ted, I know it'll be terrific!"

"Sure," he answered glumly. Then he thought to himself, "She's really in a dither over this date with Freddy Burton! But I'll show her!"

Dinner was dull! Candy made every effort to keep up a gay chatter but Ted's answers were mostly grunts! His food seemed to stick in his throat so that he couldn't eat much and he acted so down-hearted that Candy was convinced he must be sick. The meal was finished so fast that Candy had to insist that they take a ride in his jalopy to keep from getting back to the O'Connor's before the appointed hour when Freddy and his band and the gang would be on hand for the big surprise.

As the car rattled to a stop in front of Candy's house, Ted was set for the show-down, ready with a cutting speech which he had repeated to himself all day.

"It has been charming, Miss O'Connor," he repeated icily, as if he had memorized it from a book. "I know you have an important evening ahead so I'll be on my way! I have another date!"

"You—WHAT?" Candy rose half off the front seat, then grinned as if it were a joke. "Ted, you big bum!"

But Ted was ignoring her. He was out of the driver's seat and opening the car door for her gallantly.

"Didn't mean to forget my manners," he said. "I suppose I'll have to see you to the door! Then I'll let Freddy take over!"

"Freddy?" Candy eyed him suspiciously. "What do you know about Freddy?"

"Plenty! I'm not as dumb as I look and I know he's meeting you here at eight! In fact, I see him behind that bush right now!" And Ted pointed to where Freddy was peering around and watching.

"But that's okay," he continued, trying to force out the words he felt he had to say. "I have a date at eight-thirty with . . . gulp . . . Cornelia!"

"Cornelia?" Candy's face took on a pallor as her anger mounted! "You mean you actually have a date with her? Of all the low-down, two-timing, double-crossing, horrible people!" And Candy burst into tears and ran around the house, leaving Freddy and Ted facing each other!

"Look, pal," put in Freddy. "I don't know what you're doing and you don't know what I'm doing! But get to the back door and into the O'Connor's whoopee room before I punch your face right through your head!"

Freddy was so much bigger than Ted and looked so tough that Ted did as he was told! The basement was dark! But as Ted entered, the lights went on and the band struck up and people started singing, "Happy Birthday to you"—all except Candy. She was in the corner, crying. Then Freddy shook Ted's hand and told him how close he had come to messing up the big surprise. And Ted explained to Freddy and Candy how he had overheard their conversation and thought they were trying to pull the wool over his eyes. And, with reluctance, he admitted that he had actually made a date with Cornelia, just for spite.

"Leave that to me," said Candy. And she went to the phone and dialed 34J.

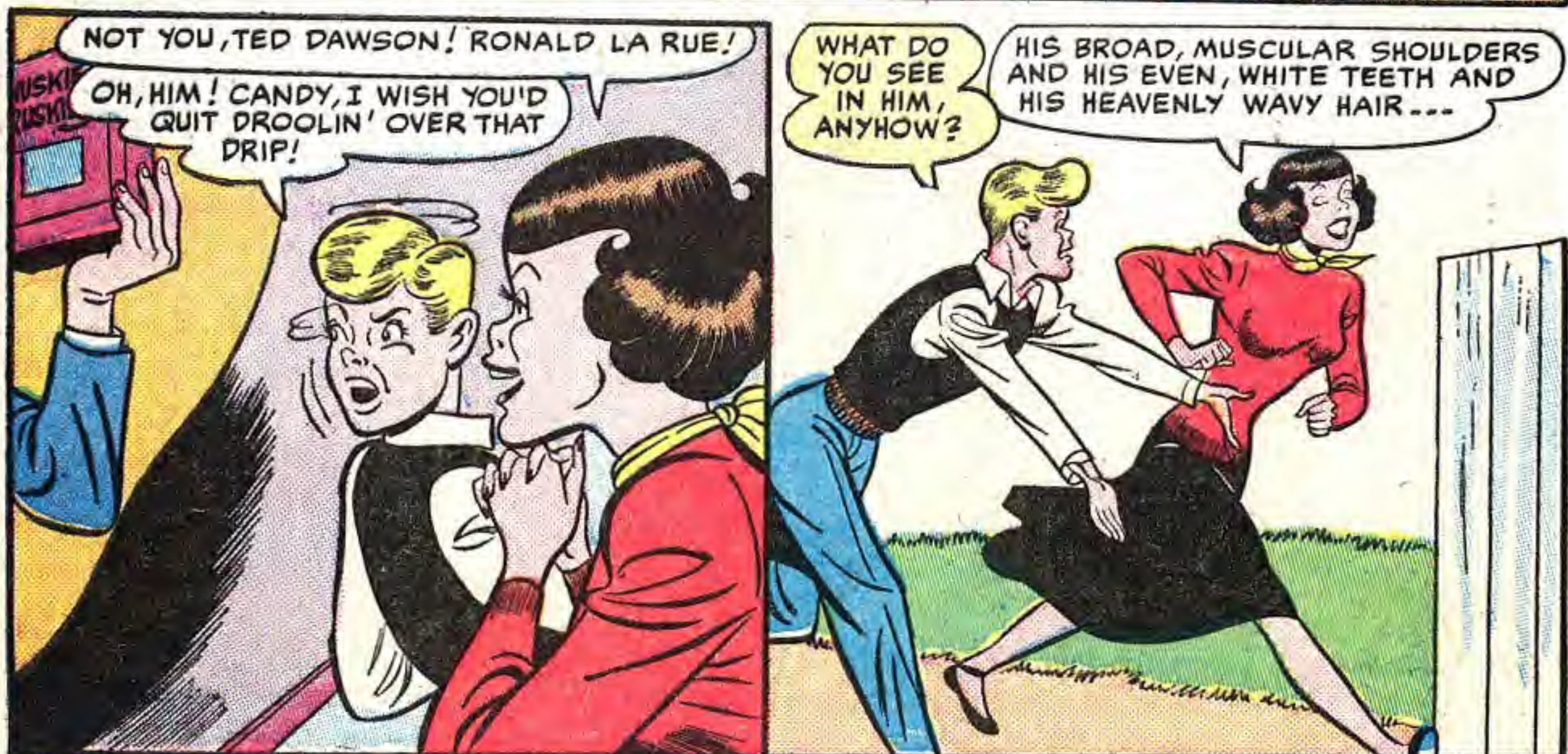
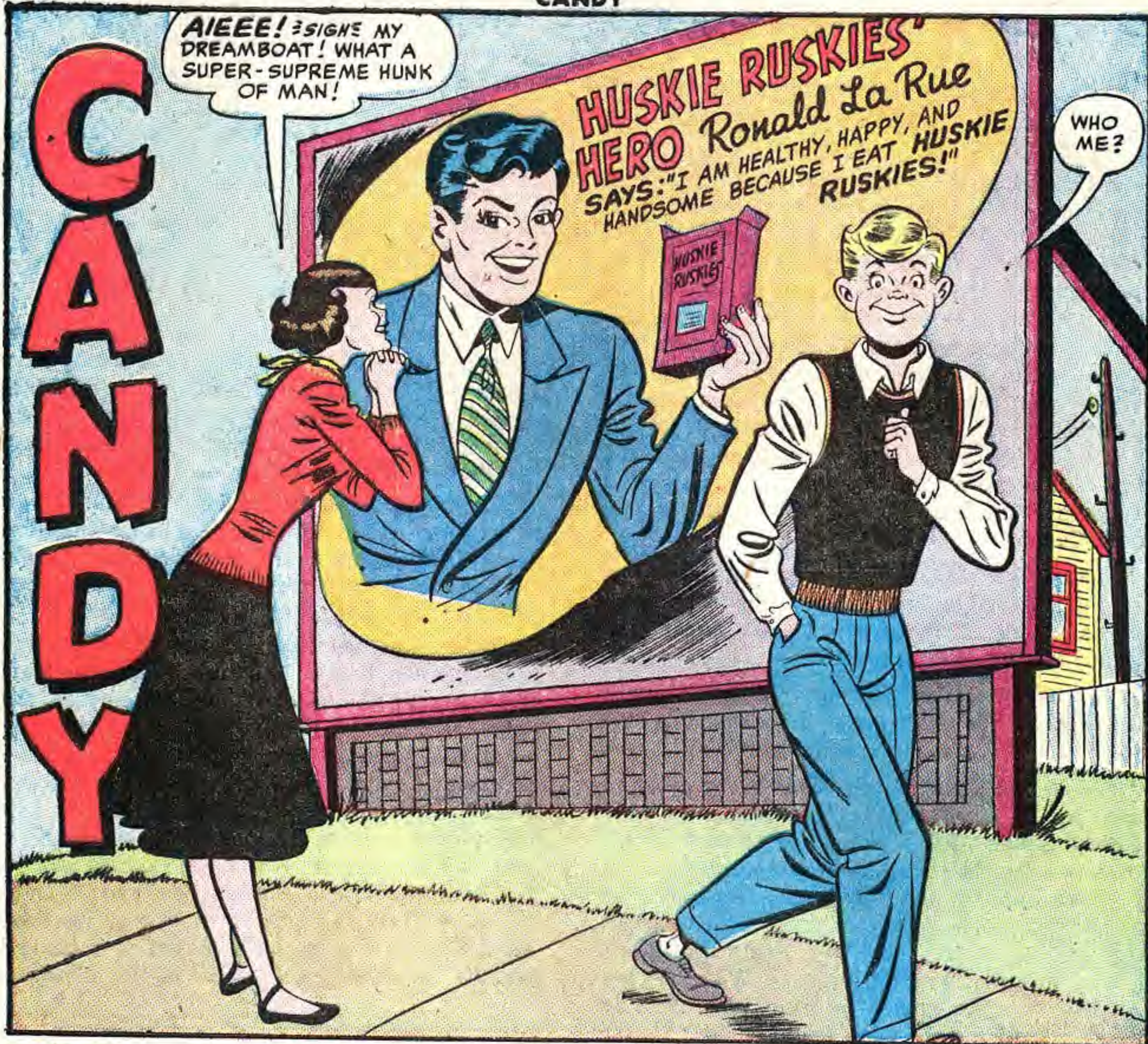
"Miss Clyde?" she asked in a saccharine voice. "This is Candy O'Connor! I'm giving a birthday party for Ted tonight and, since you're his date, you're invited!"

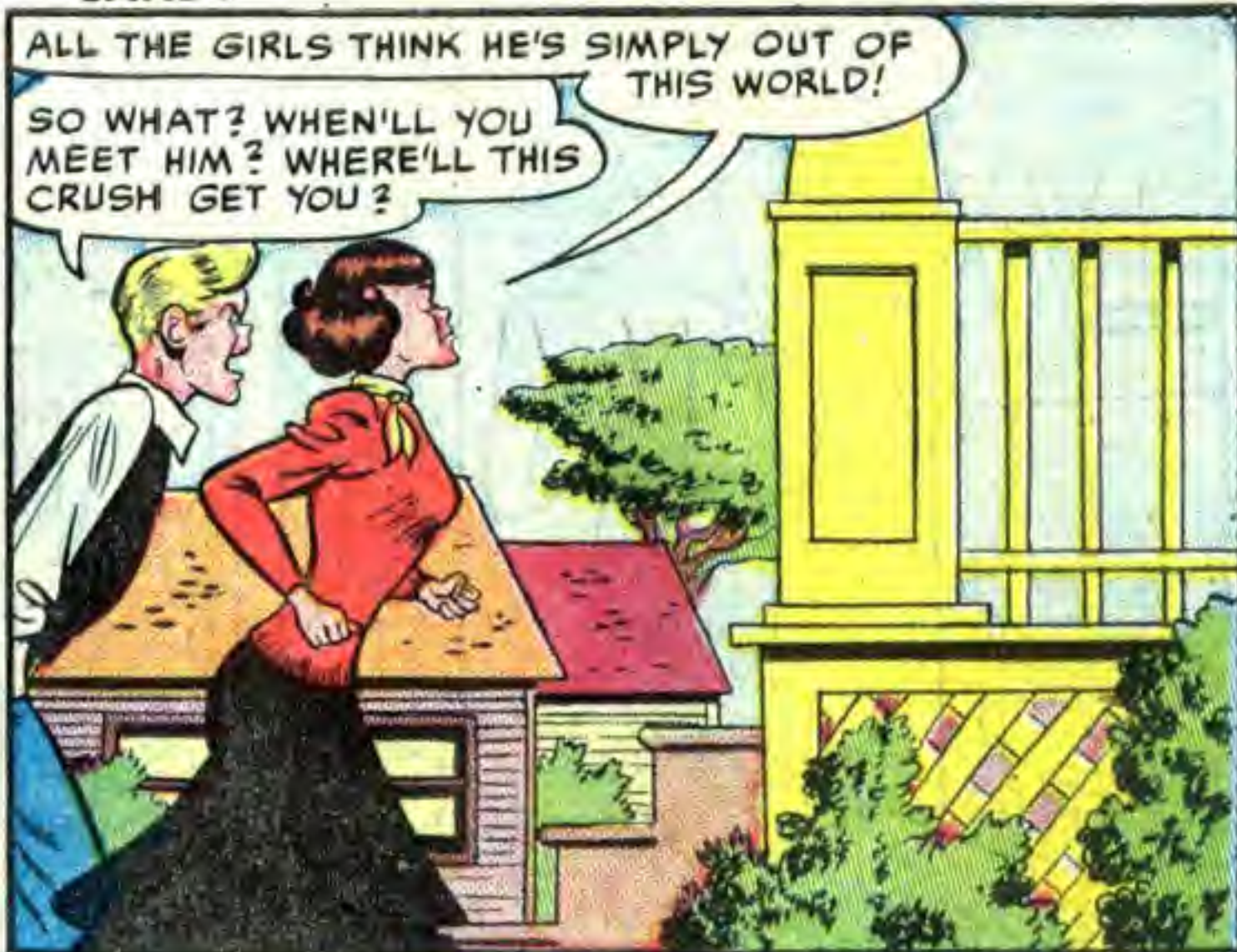
"No, thanks," came the acid reply through the receiver. "Tell him I . . . er . . . have other plans!"

"Gosh, that's a relief," sighed Ted, as he rushed toward Candy. "I just wanted to turn the tables on you and—"

There was a CRASH! Ted had bumped into the table and over they all went, with Ted's face digging deep into the frosting of the big birthday cake. Candy looked on, trying to suppress a lot of pent-up giggles.

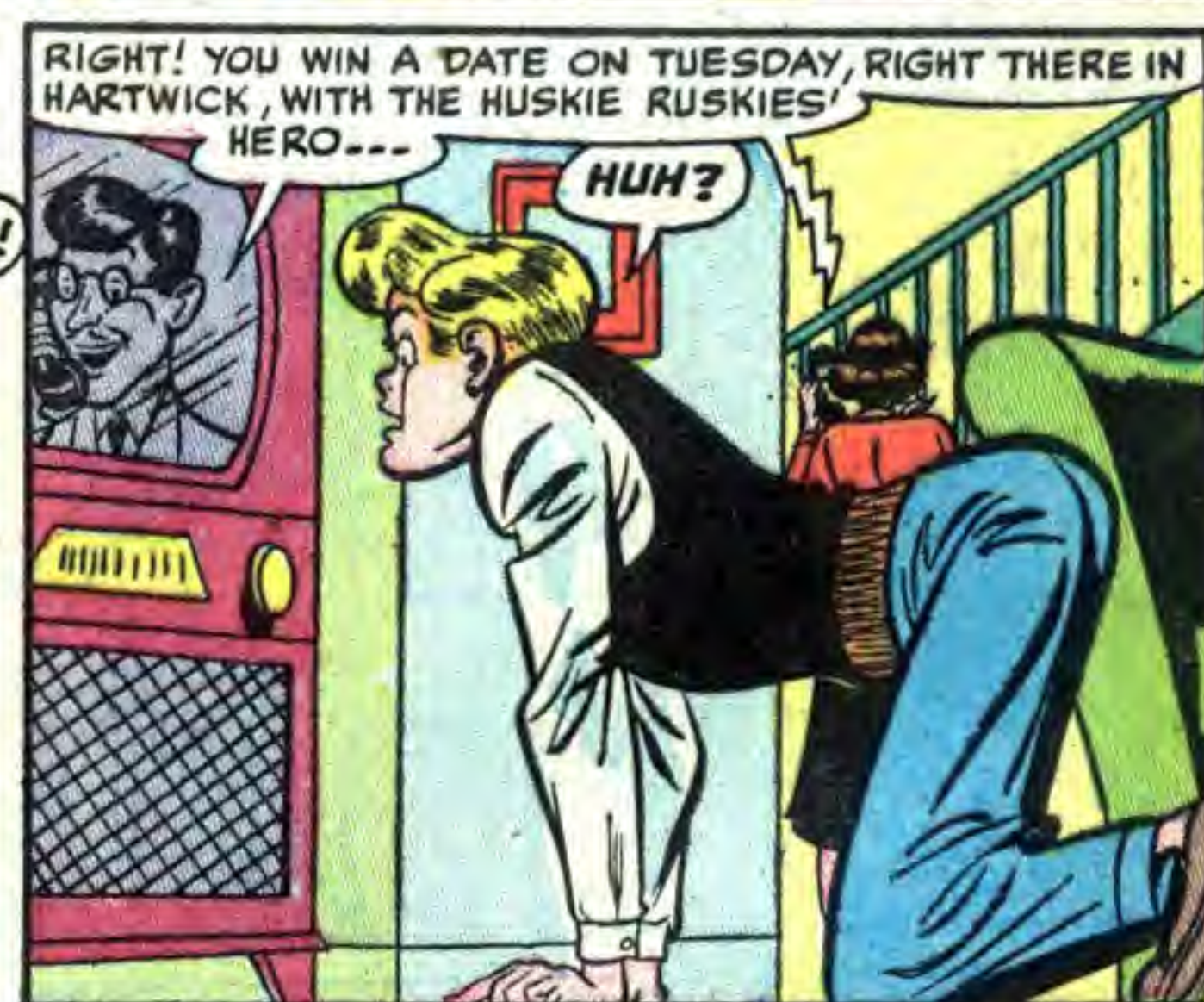
"You turned the tables, all right!" she finally managed to say. And then she stood there laughing—and laughed until she cried!

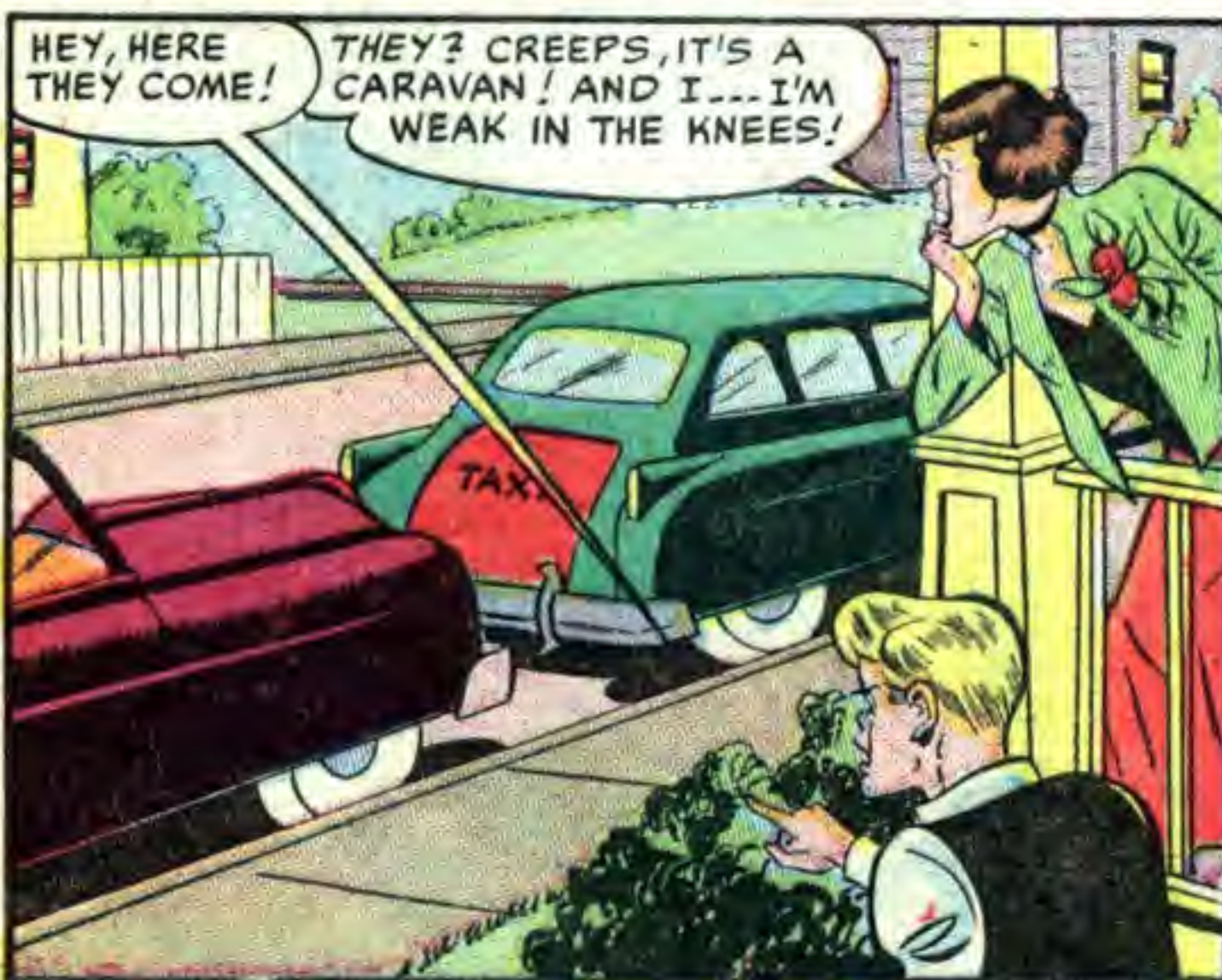






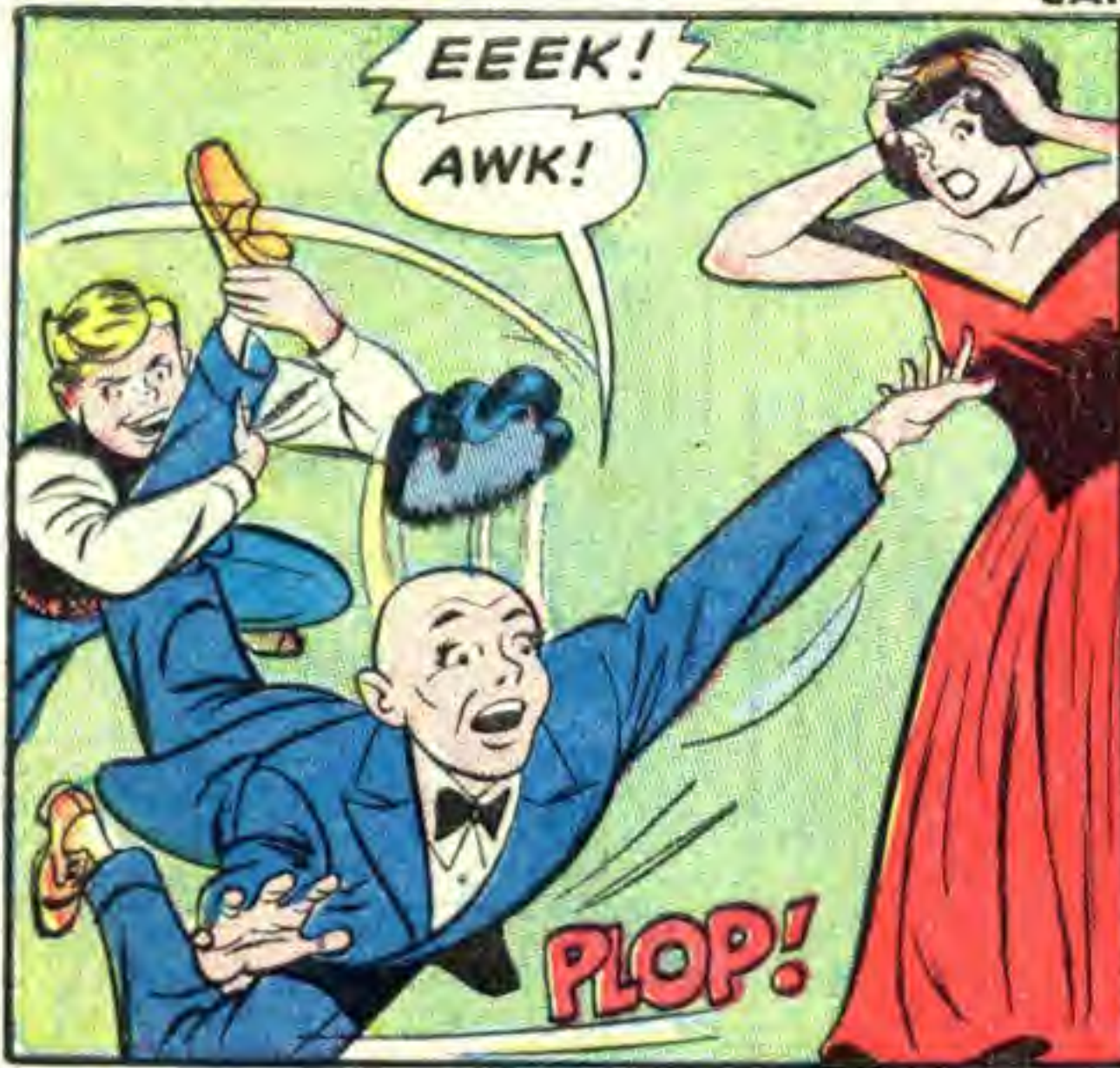
CANDY











CANDY



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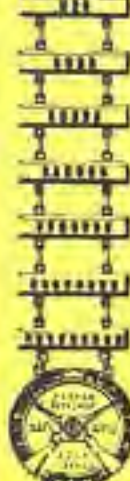
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